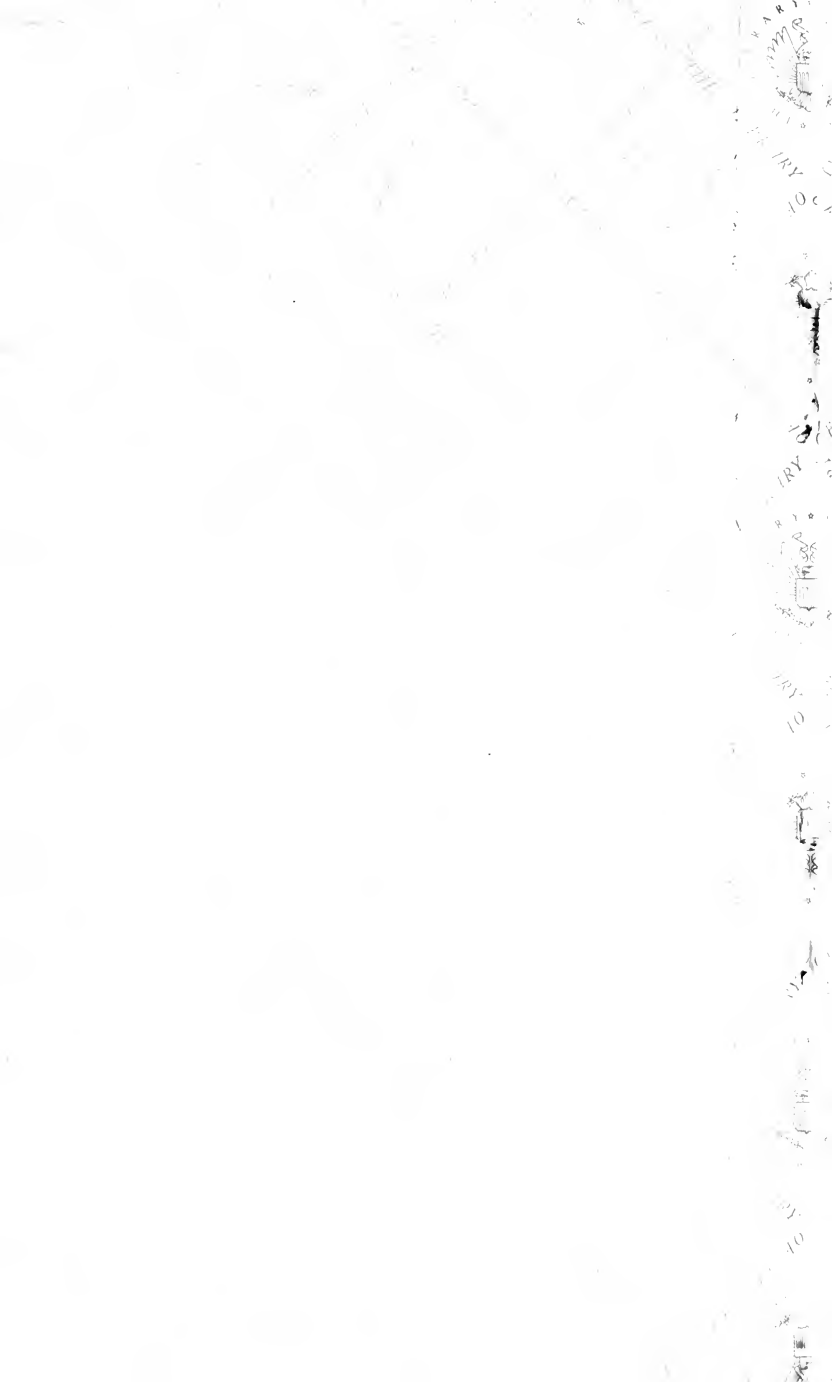


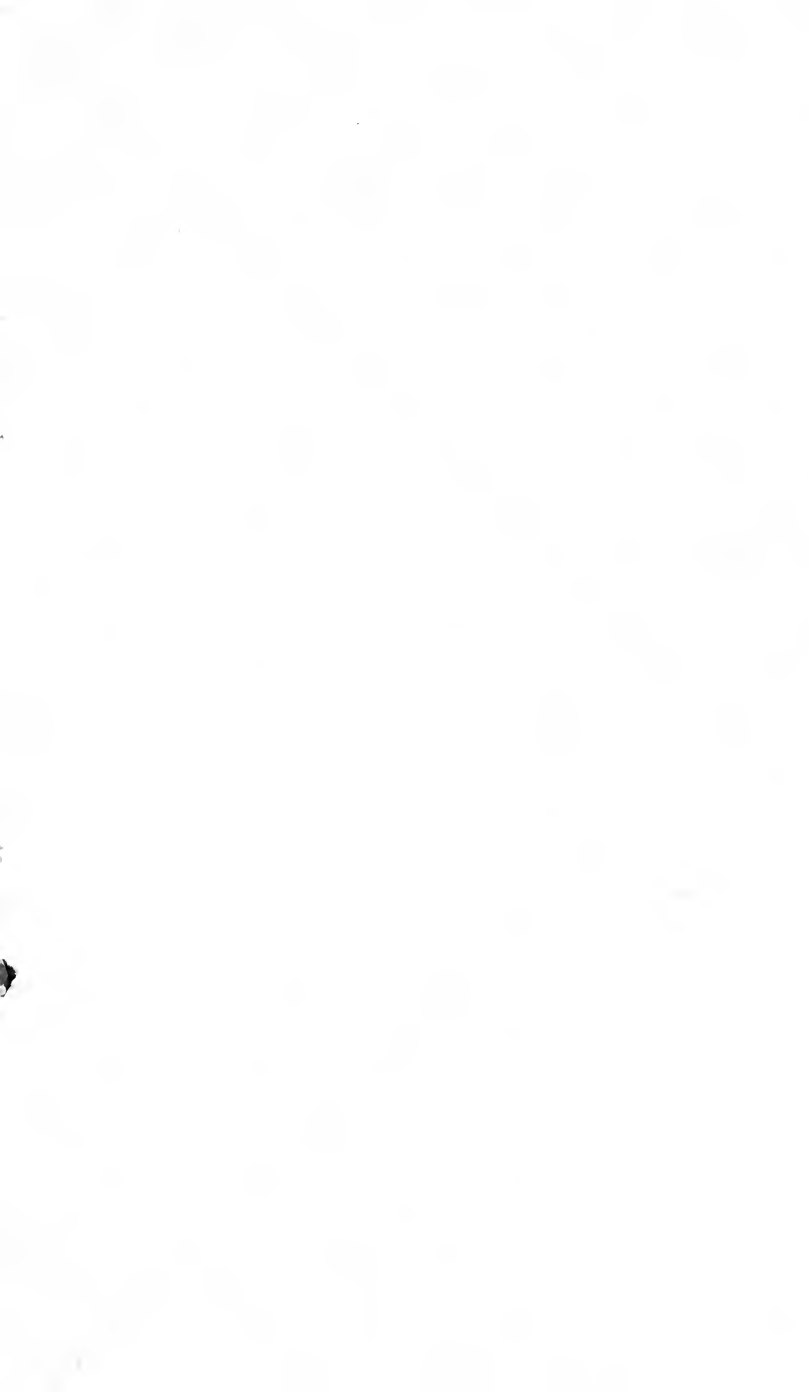
E

415

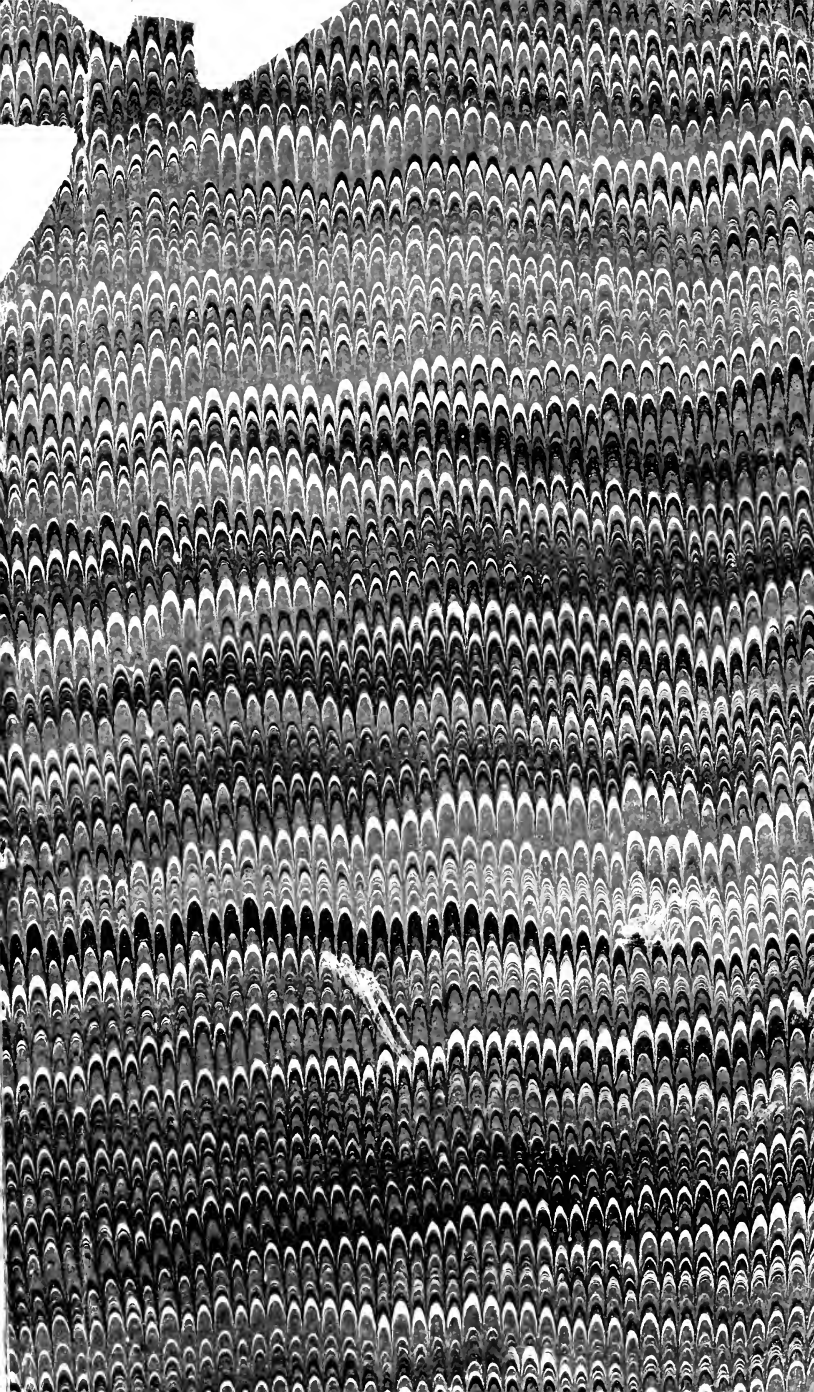
.9

F8L61

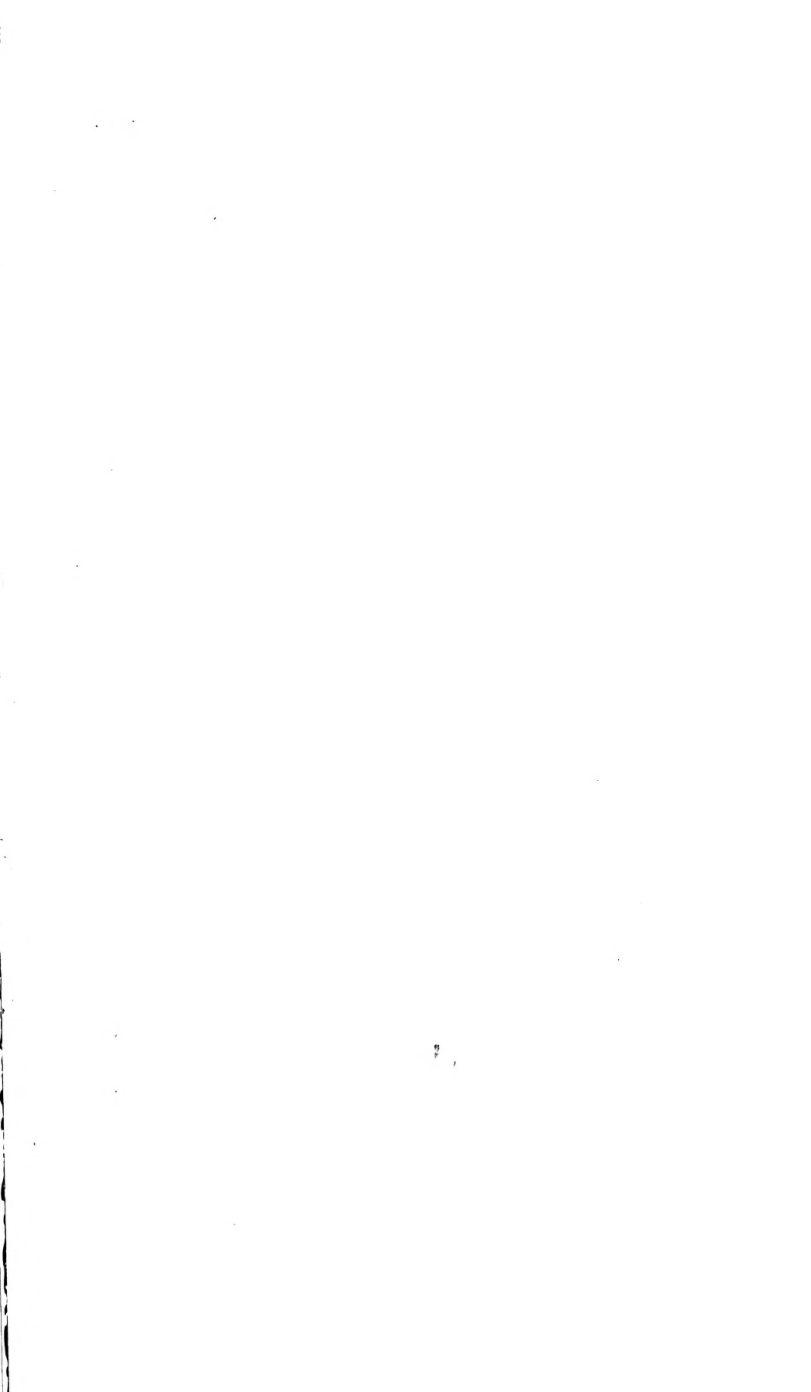






















THE AUTHORIZED CAMPAIGN EDITION.

Price]

[25 cts.

LIFE, EXPLORATIONS,  
AND  
PUBLIC SERVICES



OF

JOHN CHARLES FREMONT.

NEW YORK:  
LIVERMORE & RUDD, 310 BROADWAY.  
1856.

# Another Book by Doesticks.

IN PRESS,  
HISTORY AND RECORDS  
OF

## THE ELEPHANT CLUB.

12mo., Cloth. Price \$1 00.

---

No writer who has appeared before the American public has met, in so short a period, with such success as he, who within less than two years unpremeditatedly laid the foundation of his fame as the

**GREAT AMERICAN WIT AND HUMORIST,**

by a series of letters written over the imposing signature of

**Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICK'S, P.B.,**

Their appearance marks the birth of a new school of humor, and the unprecedented sale of his first volume, "Doesticks, What He Says," as also the popularity of his poem, "Plu-ri-bus tah," is sufficient evidence of their originality and literary excellence.

**A SECOND PROSE WORK BY DOESTICKS**

is now in press and will be issued in September. In the perpetration of which, he has been aided and abetted by

**KNIGHT RUSS OCKSIDE, M.D.**

a humorist of celebrity.

The work has been illustrated from original designs by the best artists, and the Publishers believe it will enjoy a greater popularity than either of the Author's preceding works.

\* \* Copies sent by mail to any address, on receipt of \$1 00.

LIVERMORE & RUDD, PUBLISHERS,

310 BROADWAY, N. Y.





JOHN C. FREMONT.

THE  
LIFE, EXPLORATIONS,  
AND  
PUBLIC SERVICES  
OF  
JOHN CHARLES FREMONT.



NEW YORK:  
LIVERMORE & RUDD, 310 BROADWAY.  
1856.

TRUMAN & SPOFFORD, CINCINNATI, O.

E 415

9

F 8261

---

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856,

By LIVERMORE & RUDD,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern  
District of New York.

---

R. C. VALENTINE,  
STEREOTYPER AND ELECTROTYPYST,  
17 Dutch-st., cor. Fulton, N. Y.

J.H.P. 11/14/10

## INTRODUCTION.

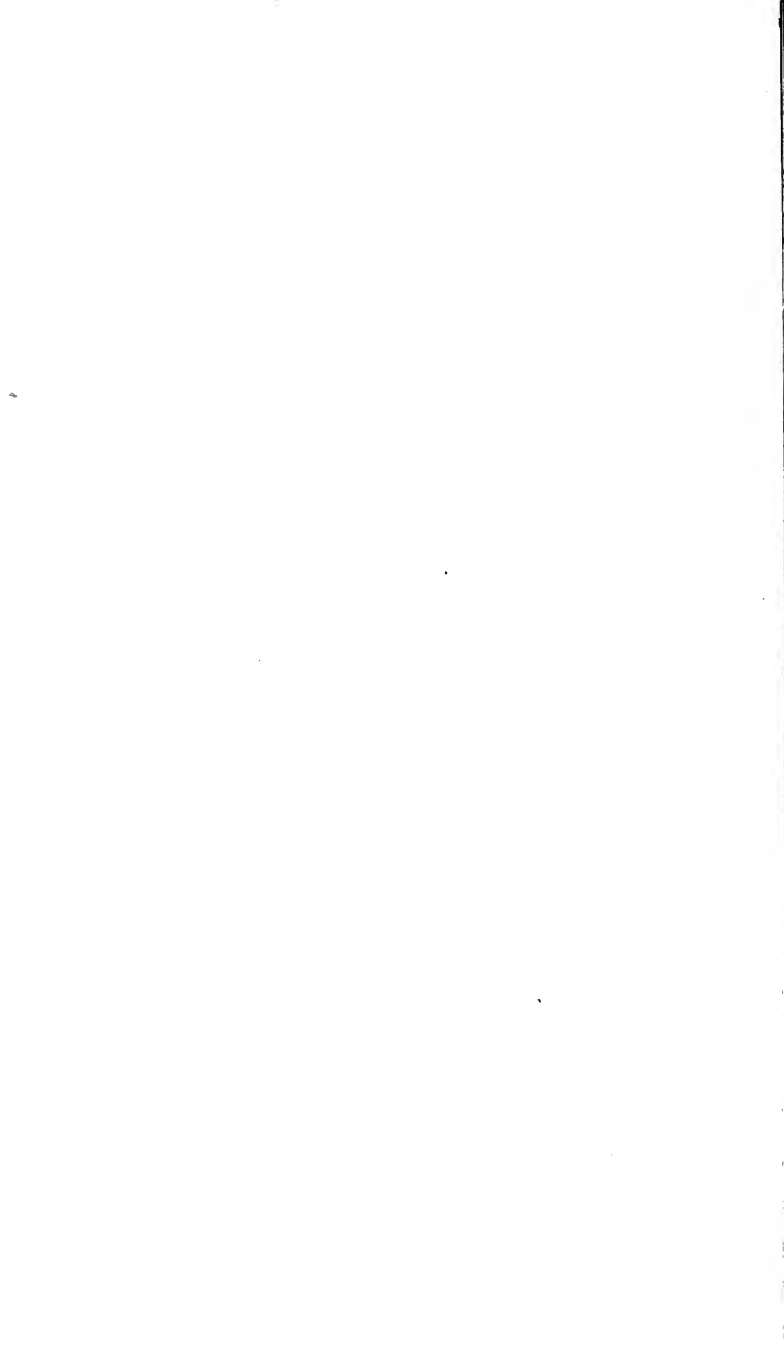
---

THE deep sorrow and regret which pervaded the public mind throughout the length and breadth of the American Union, when, in 1853-4, it was vaguely rumored that a young and gallant officer had fallen a victim to his perseverance and intrepidity; an officer who, in spite of an opposing Government—of deserts and eternal snows—of savages and wild animals, had planted upon the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains “the stars and stripes;” had crossed prairies of ocean-like vastness, where the intruding foot of civilization had never before trampled down its wild-flowers; had braved the dangers of the tomahawk and scalping-knife, and conferred with hostile Indians outnumbering his own little retinue a hundred-fold; had climbed the steeps of the Sierra Nevada, and for months slept beneath the piercing winds of a frigid zone; had wrested California from the Hades of British control, with a bravery and celerity that startled more than one half of Europe and America; and had, after all his dangers and perils, the patriotic satisfaction of reposing in the rich and magnificent valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, and of having made an acquisition to the wealth and power of his country, more bountiful and enduring than the additions made to the empire of Charles V. by the conquests of Cortez and Pizarro:—that sorrow, we repeat, was only equalled by its extreme of universal joy, when the Magnetic Telegraph announced to an expectant nation, that the hero of all these adventures and of a thousand others, and the immediate subject of this biography, Colonel JOHN CHARLES FREMONT, was nominated by the Republican

Convention assembled at Philadelphia—where was first adopted, significantly enough, the DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE—as its chosen candidate for the Presidency of the United States! And who shall say that either the people's sorrow or joy was not based upon just apprehensions? In the one case, they trembled for the safety of the young hero, who was the pioneer of civilization in regions so distant, and, as it was supposed, so entirely worthless to enlightened humanity, that the late Mr. McDuffie compared them to the British convict colony, Botany Bay! While, on the other hand, he was recognized as the anticipated saviour of our glorious NATION, (the blossom and fruit of the primal races of our species, the last result of civilization in universal history, and the hope and representative of humanity;) raised up, as it were, by Providence to regenerate our common country from the calamities which fasten foul stains upon her (otherwise fair) escutcheon, and to the perpetuation of which the representatives of all other political parties are pledged, viz.: the *extension* upon American soil of African slavery, the popular reign of brutality in the American Senate, and the suppression of freedom of speech and debate within the precincts of that venerable hall!

These subjects, with many others that might be named if it were the province of this work to recount them, are vital national questions. They cannot be shirked; they must be met boldly and fearlessly; and Colonel FREMONT has avowed himself their champion. In the following brief and imperfect biography, we shall set forth an account—so far as historically known—of his ancestry, parentage, birth, early education, life, adventures, and public services. We shall show that he is a child of nature, and that he has never proved recreant to his great parent. We shall behold him, like Demosthenes, contend with the national enemy abroad, and with hostile

jealousy at home. We shall watch his career from the moment he set out from St. Louis, a fugitive from his Government, until he "returned with a name that went over Europe and America, and with discoveries bearing fruit which the civilized world is now enjoying." And we shall again see him declare war, enter into treaties, circumvent our oldest, wiliest, most powerful and jealous enemy, and, finally, conquer a territory which proved to be one of the most valuable acquisitions ever made by any other country, ancient or modern!



# LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES

OF

## COL. JOHN C. FREMONT.

---

### CHAPTER I.

#### BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

A MAN with noble ancestry, says Pauline in Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons," is like a representative of the past. But the supposed prince, *Claude Melnotte*, to whom this eulogy was applied, deprecated the idea of being considered "a pensioner on the dead !"

Fortunately or unfortunately, as the reader may choose to consider, Colonel Fremont was not, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, "nobly born." Although of French extraction, upon the paternal side, he cannot trace his descent from Bourbon, Capet, or Carlovingian kings. Like King David, he has been taken from among the people ; his origin was equally humble and honest ; and a proper use of the natural inheritances of man, is among his first titles to favor and distinction.

The French Revolution was the consequence of centuries of feudal oppression. Its advent was dreadful as the simoom of the desert. Disorders and social disruption followed in its track. Men fled from its terrible devastations, as from the plague ; and, indeed, it was one of the most fearful and afflicting of all plagues. Neither rank, nor age, nor sex, found respect from its

fury ; for it marched over the land destroying and to destroy. Many French families fled from their beloved homes, and sought for refuge and repose, far away from the horrors of European political life, in the peaceful woods and valleys of the New World. Not a few of them rose to honorable distinction in our midst ; many of them have, by great public services, illustrated the page of American history ; and, it would seem that Providence had reserved for the distinguished descendant of one of these exiles, the honor of being the chosen representative of the *freemen* of the United States in the year of our Lord, 1856.

Relative to the ancestors of Colonel FREMONT we know but little ; that little we shall here relate.

During the period of the Revolution, a French passenger ship, bound for one of the West Indian possessions of that nation, was captured by an English man-of-war, when on the eve of reaching her destination. The ship and her passengers were, of course, carried as prisoners of war into one of the English islands, where they were subjected to all that rigid cruelty and hardship with which the conquerors were but too refinedly acquainted. One of these unfortunate prisoners was born and educated in the neighborhood of the pleasant city of Lyons. Like all good Frenchmen, he was a devoted lover of his country ; and it may readily be imagined that the period of his captivity preyed heavily upon his ardent patriotism. When he departed from home, it was his resolution to join an aunt, who resided in the island of St. Domingo ; but finding his designs frustrated, as above indicated, by a power over which he had no control, to lighten the burden of his sufferings, and to draw what consolation he could from industry and activity, became the more immediate topics of his contemplation. His captors being more remarkable for worldly thrift than for refined and cultivated sensibilities, he could not, even if capable of so doing, hope to

have them imitate the ancient Syracusans, by mitigating his sufferings because of his poetical or musical accomplishments, therefore, in order to ingratiate himself in their favor, he devoted his time to basket-making and fresco-painting ; and in this manner he managed, during the years of his captivity, to eke out a scanty living.

At length, after long patience and endurance, he was either liberated or effected his own escape ; which, cannot be clearly shown, but most probably the latter. To return to his beloved home, was the thought uppermost in his mind ; and to the prosecution of this design, he directed his ingenuity and all of his little worldly resources. Pursuing his way in this direction, he arrived in Norfolk, Va., almost penniless ; but with a spirit still buoyant, and a stout and manly resolution. There was one resource by which he might obtain sufficient money to enable him to reach the soil of his native country—instruct in his mother tongue the citizens of Norfolk ! He soon carried this design into practical execution, and seemed upon the high road to the attainment of his darling object, when another obstacle encountered his pathway, that shattered all of his former resolutions. Cupid played sad havoc with his day-dreams of home.

There resided in Norfolk, at this period, an orphan young lady of extraordinary beauty and intelligence, between whom and himself there sprung up a warm and tender attachment, which ripened into an affection that scorned opposition, annihilated all doubts and misgivings, and thought not of consequences. They were married contrary to the wishes of the young lady's family: an estrangement, which was never reconciled, followed, as a natural result.

ANNE BEVERLEY WHITING, now the wife of JOHN CHARLES FREMONT (father to the subject of this memoir), was possessed of a small fortune in her own right. Her husband was a highly cultivated man, endowed by nature with that speculative order of intellect, which de-

lights in studying the Science of Ethnology. It had long been his wish to visit, and to study the character and manners of the American Indians, in whom he took a deep interest; but from the accomplishment of this laudable desire, he had been hitherto precluded by his reduced circumstances. Now, however, he was a married man; his good and charming wife was the possessor of a small fortune; and, like a noble woman, recognizing no greater earthly grace than the happiness of her husband, and resolved upon indulging his intellectual passions, she placed her property at his disposal; and both of them travelled, during several years, through whole territories of the Southern States, then occupied by the aboriginal tribes, and by wild animals, the species of which are now nearly extinct there. The roads and "means of communication in that country then were very rude, and they travelled, as was the custom of the day, when means permitted, with their own carriage, horses, and servants, stopping where convenience of towns and dwellings required, and not unfrequently passing the night in Indian villages, or by a camp-fire." To men who take but little interest in science; who care not to know what niche in universal history any particular race of our species should fill; and who are wholly indifferent to the place of man in animated Nature,—the nomadic wanderings of Mr. Fremont may appear senseless, meaningless, and useless. But, how different will be the feelings of the scientificist! He beholds in such a one, an apostle of a great cause—an evangelist, whose mission is the culture and mental elevation of humanity! He will, assuredly, recognize in him a martyr of certain longing desires and of thirst after knowledge, no less than of physical hardships—hunger, cold, and want. It was during one of these excursions that Mr. and Mrs. Fremont "chanced to pass the night at the inn in Nashville, where occurred the personal encounter between Gen. Jackson and Col. Benton—well remembered in that country—the balls

from whose pistols passed through the room in which they happened to be sitting." Little did they dream, that one of the combatants was destined to be the father-in-law of their first-born !

Of the hardships endured by those who devote themselves to the cause of knowledge, and search for it among American Indians, inexperienced persons can form no accurate conception. Those, however, who are familiar with the writings of Schoolcraft, will not fail to admire the devotion and zeal with which Mr. Fremont and his excellent lady prosecuted their long, and arduous research.

The 21st day of January, 1813—about one year after our second war with England, and two before the exile of Napoleon Bonaparte—was to them bright with hope and joy. On that day at Savannah, in Georgia, their eldest son first saw the light; he who is the immediate subject of our pen—and whose name, of all living men, is first to-day upon the lips of his countrymen—Colonel JOHN CHARLES FREMONT. The happy parents, in future life, were favored with two other children; a daughter, born in Tennessee, and a son, in Virginia. About this time, Mr. Fremont prepared to return once more to his native land; but his preparations were vain, he fell a victim "to the king of terrors."

Francis Fremont, brother to the deceased, with his family, were then in Norfolk. He had formerly been settled in St. Domingo; but preferring a closer proximity to his brother, he had early emigrated from thence, and chose Norfolk as the place of his residence. The premature and unexpected death of his brother, as well as the "loss of his eldest son, a boy of sixteen, who was killed by the bursting of a gun at a Fourth of July celebration in Norfolk, saddened the place to him, and he returned with his family to France. He had been anxious to take with him his brother's family, and made it a point with his widow to accompany him. Her decided refu-

sal to leave her own country occasioned an alienation between them also, and she was left to herself, with the usual defenceless lot and narrow circumstances which are not the most uncommon heritage of widows and orphans."

In relation to the family of Francis Fremont, we have but little additional information. A daughter of his, named *Cordelia*, died a few years since, in a convent in South America.

The widow of Mr. FREMONT, being now alone in the wide world, desolate and discouraged, probably, as widows usually are, removed with her young family to Charleston, S. C., where she permanently settled.

---

## CHAPTER II.

### YOUTH AND EARLY EDUCATION.

MR. G. H. LEWES, the English biographer of the German poet, GOETHE, dwells with tenacious fondness upon the infant precocity of his hero, and assures us, "that he was really a wonderful child"—that "the child was father to the man"—and that "when only three years old, one day in a neighbor's house, he suddenly began to cry and exclaim, 'That black child must go away! I can't bear him!'" so great was his juvenile horror of ugliness, as well as love of the beautiful.

The writer of the present sketch is not so fortunate as to possess any authentic information relative to the baby-life of Mr. Fremont; and, therefore, cannot follow the example of Mr. Lewes. But it is fair to presume that the common routine of his juvenile life bore a most singular resemblance to that of other children—that he was dressed like them—fed like them—cried like them—and

was often very good ; that his parents were fondly and affectionately devoted to him, and that many of the neighbors complimented their "fine boy." In these suppositions there may be nothing too mythic or extraordinary.

It would be equally futile to recount here the various incidents of his school and college life. Precocious he may, or may not, have been ; but it is with the man, and not the schoolboy, that we have here to do. It may not, however, be amiss to state, that the advantages which he possessed were turned to the best account ; and that, as the *New Orleans Bulletin* of March, 1846, has so truly observed, "he is well versed in all those branches of science requisite for a scientific exploration. His favorite study is mathematics, in all branches of which, pure and mixed, he is an adept. He is familiar with astronomy, geology, meteorology, mineralogy, chemistry, botany, geography, and other sciences. Greek and Latin have not been neglected ; French and Spanish have been mastered ; and German occupies no inferior place among his acquisitions. His life has been one of untiring labor and study, and is a noble example for imitation."

That he was precocious, too, and at an early age displayed the most signal tokens of a brilliant genius, will be clearly seen by what follows.

When yet a youth, he entered the law office of John W. Mitchell, one of the most prominent lawyers of the Charleston Bar. "Here," says the *Evening Post*, "he gave such evidence of intelligence and industry as greatly to interest Mr. Mitchell, who found pleasure in directing the capacity he seemed to possess, and devoted many of his leisure hours to young Fremont's instruction. The lad's vigorous application required more time than Mr. Mitchell had at his disposal, and, in prosecution of the plan he had formed for him, he placed him under the instruction of Dr. John Roberton,

a Scotch gentleman, who had been educated at Edinburgh, and who had established himself as a teacher, principally of ancient languages, at Charleston."

In 1850, Dr. Robertson, then between sixty and seventy years old, published a translation of Xenophon's "Anabasis," in the preface to which he alludes at great length to the promising genius of young Fremont. The work was affectionately dedicated to his pupils; and offering to them sage-like words of encouragement and advice, he selected as a model for their imitation our orphan youth, of whom he gave a lengthened account, from which we extract the following :

"In the year 1827, after I had returned to Charleston from Scotland, and my classes were going on, a very respectable lawyer came to my school, I think some time in the month of October, with a youth apparently about sixteen, or perhaps not so much (14), of middle size, graceful in manners, rather slender, but well formed, and upon the whole what I should call handsome; of a keen, piercing eye, and a noble forehead, seemingly the very seat of genius. The gentleman stated that he found him given to study, that he had been about three weeks learning the Latin rudiments, and (hoping, I suppose, to turn the youth's attention from the law to the ministry) had resolved to place him under my care for the purpose of learning Greek, Latin, and Mathematics, sufficient to enter Charleston College. I very gladly received him, for I immediately perceived he was no common youth, as intelligence beamed in his dark eye, and shone brightly on his countenance, indicating great ability, and an assurance of his future progress. I at once put him in the highest class, just beginning to read Cæsar's Commentaries, and although at first inferior, his prodigious memory and enthusiastic application soon enabled him to surpass the best. He began Greek at the same time, and read with some who had been long at it, in which he also soon excelled. In short, in the space of one year he had with the class, and at odd hours with myself, read four books of Cæsar, Cornelius Nepos, Sallust, six books of Virgil, nearly all Horace,

and two books of Livy; and in Greek, all *Græca Minora*, about the half of the first volume of *Græca Majora*, and four books of Homer's *Iliad*. And whatever he read, he retained. It seemed to me, in fact, as if he learned by mere intuition. I was myself utterly astonished, and at the same time delighted with his progress. I have hinted that he was designed for the Church, but when I contemplated his bold, fearless disposition, his powerful inventive genius, his admiration of warlike exploits, and his love of heroic and adventurous deeds, I did not think it likely he would be a minister of the gospel. He had not, however, the least appearance of any vice whatever. On the contrary, he was always the very pattern of virtue and modesty. I could not help loving him, so much did he captivate me by his gentlemanly conduct and extraordinary progress. It was easy to see that he would one day raise himself to eminence. Whilst under my instruction, I discovered his early genius for poetic composition in the following manner. When the Greek class read the account that Herodotus gives of the battle of Marathon, the bravery of Miltiades and his ten thousand Greeks raised his patriotic feelings to enthusiasm, and drew from him expressions which I thought were embodied, a few days afterwards, in some well-written verses in a Charleston paper, on that far-famed unequal but successful conflict against tyranny and oppression; and suspecting my talented scholar to be the author, I went to his desk, and asked him if he did not write them; and hesitating at first, rather blushing, he confessed he did. I then said, 'I knew you could do such things, and I suppose you have some such pieces by you, which I should like to see. Do bring them to me.' He consented, and in a day or two brought me a number, which I read with pleasure and admiration at the strong marks of genius stamped on all, but here and there requiring, as I thought, a very slight amendment.

"I had hired a mathematician to teach both him and myself (for I could not then teach that science), and in this he also made such wonderful progress, that at the end of one year he entered the Junior Class in Charleston College triumphantly, while others who had been studying four years and more, were obliged to take the

Sophomore Class. About the end of the year 1828 I left Charleston, but I heard that he highly distinguished himself, and graduated in 1830. After that he taught Mathematics for some time. His career afterwards has been one of heroic adventure, of hair-breadth escapes by flood and field, and of scientific explorations, which have made him world-wide renowned. In a letter I received from him very lately, he expresses his gratitude to me in the following words: '*I am very far from either forgetting you or neglecting you, or in any way losing the old regard I had for you. There is no time to which I go back with more pleasure than that spent with you, for there was no time so thoroughly well spent, and of any thing I may have learned, I remember nothing so well, and so distinctly, as what I acquired with you.*' Here I cannot help saying that the merit was almost all his own. It is true that I encouraged and cheered him on, but if the soil into which I put the seeds of learning had not been of the richest quality, they would never have sprung up to a hundred-fold in the full ear. Such, my young friends, is but an imperfect sketch of my once beloved and favorite pupil, now a senator, AND WHO MAY YET RISE TO BE AT THE HEAD OF THIS GREAT AND GROWING REPUBLIC. My prayer is that he may ever be opposed to war, injustice and oppression of every kind, a blessing to his country, and an example of every noble virtue to the whole world."

The good Dr. Robertson seems to have seen prophetically the destiny of his pupil!

It has been stated in certain nameless prints, that the religious faith of Mr. Fremont was that taught by the Roman Catholic Church. If such had been the case, it would hardly constitute a capital crime; since, by rational beings especially, it is generally supposed that to God alone, men are responsible for their conscientious beliefs. And it is quite possible, too, that in the end, it is the Almighty Creator of heaven and earth, who will decide relative to the moral right or wrong of being a Roman Catholic! Be this, however, as it may, to assert

that Mr. Fremont belongs, or ever did belong, to that church, is a purely gratuitous fabrication ; having no foundation, whatsoever, in truth ; and being in essence a malignant falsehood, coined by the unprincipled partisans of his slave-driving enemies. The mother of Mr. Fremont was a pious member of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America ; in that church he was baptized when an infant ; there he was confirmed in his sixteenth year ; to that religious denomination he has since, and does now, belong ; and it is in the bosom of that faith he is firmly resolved to live and to die ! Were he, conscientiously, a Roman Catholic, he, who from childhood, has been brave and heroic, would be the last man to deny his religious creed in this glorious country, where all denominations are equally free to adore their God ! but the charge was false, *ab initio*, and even a *Know Nothing* falsehood at that.

To return : soon after young Fremont's confirmation, one of those youthful dreams, which are as necessary to early happiness as sunshine is to flowers, marred the course of his studies. Up to this time his application had been vigorous and his acquirements remarkable. But Cupid envied him, and for a while succeeded in casting a shade upon his peace of mind. He chanced to meet with a young lady of remarkable beauty, a native of the West Indies, with raven hair, soft, black, and lustrous eyes ; a very Haidee in appearance ; and she, instead of Greek and mathematics, monopolized his studies, and his—heart ! The faculty bore with him patiently, trusting that the love affair would soon pass over, and that he would return again to his studies. But the fair West Indian had too deep a hold of his heart : after repeated insubordinations, he was expelled from the college by his irritated superiors.

Time brought its own cure ; and the unfortunate calamities with which Providence visited his family, exerted an important influence upon his future character.

When abruptly deprived, as above stated, of his collegiate career, he engaged in teaching mathematics, principally to senior classes in different schools, and also took charge of the "Apprentices' Library," an evening school under a board of directors, of which Dr. Joseph Johnston was president. It was while thus employed, that a sad incident took place, which first awoke him to the sober interests of life.

Every reader, almost, will remember Longfellow's exquisitely melancholy description in "The Golden Legend" of the death of "Little Elsie!" Thus it was that Mr. Fremont saw his only sister fade away, in the seventeenth year of her life. His brother, who possessed an ardent and enthusiastic temperament and unusual ability, when but fifteen years of age, in consequence of an association with amateur players, had his taste turned to the stage, on which he imagined that fame and fortune were of easy acquisition. With these ideas, and full of the generous impulses which belonged to his age and character, he suddenly, and without consulting his family, left his home to work out his fortune for himself. His career was cut short, soon after, at Buffalo, N. Y., by injuries received in a riot; from the effects of which he died afterwards at the residence of his mother.

These dreadful visitations roused the survivor to a proper sense of his position; and he never proved recreant again to his nobler instincts and reason.

---

## CHAPTER III.

### MANHOOD AND MATRIMONY.

THOSE who happen to be familiar with the political history of our country, during the present century—with the speeches of that noble race of American statesmen

which is now almost extinct—and with Benton's *Thirty Years' View in the United States Senate*; cannot fail of remembering with regret, the nullification treason of South Carolina; nor of contrasting this stain upon the escutcheon of that State, with her more recent traitorous course, relative to the freedom of Nebraska, from the polluting desolation of African slavery.

General Jackson was then President. He was a man of iron will, indomitable power, and stern inflexibility. All of these peculiar qualities of his nature, he brought to bear with unbending vigor, in forcing obedience from the nullifiers. For this purpose—the enforcement of his proclamation against them—the sloop-of-war *Natchez*, entered the port of Charleston in 1833. Having effected this, she was ordered on a cruise to South America. At this time Fremont was twenty years old. It seems that he had been honored by an acquaintance with Mr. Poinsett, at that time Secretary of the Navy; and that gentleman chose him as post-teacher of mathematics to the *Natchez*, in which capacity he made with her a cruise of nearly three years' duration. How much the respectable family from which Fremont was maternally descended, the accomplishments and suavity of his father, or his own personal energy, perseverance, and merits, may have had to do in thus favorably influencing Mr. Poinsett, we are not told; but that each and all of these qualities contributed their mite, in inducing him to make the choice which he did, it is simply rational to suppose. He returned once again after his cruise to his native city; the college that expelled him a few years previously, now received him with open arms. It was still under the presidency of Dr. Adams, who bestowed upon the reformed truant, the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts.

Success is parent to ambition; and ambition, if properly directed, will extort concessions from supposed impossibilities. The life of Fremont is a striking illustra-

tion of the truth of this assertion. No sooner had he paid the first visits to his immediate friends, after having returned from his long cruise, than his mind became restless, and he thirsted again for fresh adventure and new achievements. He was not left long, however, to deplore his idleness. In a nation where the achievements of the individual are regarded as the ornaments of the state, a spirit like that of Fremont could neither be overlooked nor neglected. A law had been recently enacted, creating professorships of mathematics in the navy; and after having passed through a rigorous and searching examination, he was first, among the many candidates, who succeeded with honor to himself, to receive the approval of the board of examiners convened at Baltimore. But this was not sufficient to gratify his ambition; a larger field of labor presented itself to his imagination; and he made his first essay as surveyor and railroad engineer, in an examination for an improvement of the railway line between Charleston and Augusta. In after years, when deprived of his commission through envy and malice, by a court-martial, he was offered the presidency of this road, at the annual salary of five thousand dollars.

The war which our country was compelled to engage in with Mexico, through the blindness and stupidity of that government, deprived the nation of the services of many eminently promising and brilliant men; among many others Capt. G. W. Williams, of the United States Topographical engineers. Under his direction, and that of Gen. W. G. McNeill, a corps of engineers was formed, soon after Fremont had completed his survey of the Charleston and Augusta railway, for the purpose of making a preliminary survey of a route for a railway line from Charleston to Cincinnati, and Fremont was appointed one of the assistant engineers, charged with the exploration of the mountain passes between South Carolina and Tennessee, where he remained until the

work was suspended in the fall of 1837. This undertaking was exceedingly difficult of performance. Those engaged in it, were strangers, during their occupation, to ease or luxury. They deemed themselves fortunate when they met with a farm-house among the mountains, but they were, as a general thing, compelled to repose beneath the canopy of an open sky, destitute of all shelter save that supplied by their few tents and camp equipage. But the country abounded in rough, wild, and natural beauties; and the impressions made by such influences upon the mind of Fremont, were well calculated to strengthen his nerve and enlarge his views. He filled his place with honor to himself, and in a manner more than satisfactory to his superior officers.

The government anticipated hostilities, at this period, from the Cherokee Indians, then occupying the mountainous country comprehending portions of the States of Georgia, North Carolina, and Tennessee. Capt. Williams was ordered to make military reconnaissances of those territories; and, in preparing to do so, Fremont was his first chosen assistant. They set out upon a hurried winter survey, enduring every hardship imaginable; making their reconnaissances upon horseback; building fires by night in the dense forest, around which they endeavored to repose, when not startled from their slumbers by wolves and panthers. This was Fremont's second and severest campaign. Soon we shall find him in regions where civilized man never stood before; enduring superhuman hardships; and illustrating how the persevering bravery of man may wring concessions from the greatest natural obstacles.

Among the earliest pioneers of civilization in America, were French Jesuits—Marquette, his coadjutors and successors. They were actuated more by the spirit of religion than they were by the love of worldly progress. If they could conquer souls, half of their cup of happiness was deemed full; but in endeavoring to convert the

savage, topographical and useful information was not overlooked by them. They were the first to attempt explorations, upon a grand scale, of the Mississippi Valley, and of other almost equally extensive domains. A learned countryman of theirs, actuated by their spirit, and emulating their example—a man who was a scientific philosopher, M. J. N. Nicollet—happened to be, at the time of which we here treat, in this country. He had risen to distinction in the French Academy of Sciences; and his life, although unfortunately brief, was distinguished by extraordinary and varied learning, ability, and scientific attainments. The Baron Von Humboldt, in his *Aspects of Nature*, deeply deploras his early death, and hesitates not to assert, that Science had lost in him one of her brightest ornaments. To him, as a geographer, the Northwestern regions of our country had a peculiar interest. It was among the most cherished of his wishes to follow in the footsteps of his missionary countrymen who had gone before him, to visit the scenes of their labors, and to draw together the scattered remains of a history which he thought redounded to their honor. With these views, and in the interest of geography, he had recently made an extended journey around the sources of the Mississippi, the map and materials of which had been adopted by our Government, and he had been commissioned to make an examination of our almost unexplored Northwestern region, in continuation of his own labors. In the spring succeeding the winter spent by Fremont, with Captain Williams, upon the aforesaid reconnoitering expedition, M. Nicollet was prepared to depart upon *his* exploring expedition to the Upper Mississippi. Mr. Poinsett was now Secretary of War. He remembered Fremont; knew that his prudence was equal to his bravery; that his love of rendering his country important services, and of being foremost as the pathfinder of civilization, were among the many reliable virtues of his

nature; and he regarded him, consequently, as a qualified person to be the assistant and companion of M. Nicollet. He sought, accordingly, and procured for him, the appointment of principal assistant, in which capacity he accompanied M. Nicollet, during the years '38 and '39, in two separate explorations of the greater part of the region lying between the Missouri and the Upper Rivers, and extending north to the British line.

It will be remembered, doubtless, that the corps of Topographical Engineers had been reorganized during the administration of General Jackson, with the provision that half of the corps should be taken from the civil service. On the 4th of March, 1837, Martin Van Buren was inaugurated President of the United States. In 1838, and while he was yet absent, Fremont was among the first benefited by the provision of General Jackson—Mr. Van Buren having appointed him second lieutenant in the corps of Topographical Engineers. After the return of the expeditions to the Upper Mississippi, more “than a year was occupied in the reduction of their materials, with a map and report in illustration of them; and during this time Fremont resided with M. Nicollet and Mr. Hassler, then the head of the Coast Survey. In the familiar society and conversations of these two remarkable men, he enjoyed the rare opportunity of a daily association with Science in her most attractive guise. They were not men who had worked laboriously up, branch by branch, to obtain an incomplete knowledge of science; their genius had spread out its fields distinctly before them, and they had surveyed them from an eminence. They had invented new forms for the easier expression of scientific results, and new instruments to extend and apply them.” Intercourse with philosophers so eminent; with men whose scientific knowledge must have enlarged their views, and expanded their visions; had the effect, which, under such circumstances, was natural, upon the mind of Fremont.

Experience gave him confidence in his own resources, and enlarged the sphere of his ambition. It was in his social and intellectual companionship with these eminent men, that his "swelling heart conceived and communicated the pure and generous purpose; where his slenderer and younger taper imbibed its borrowed light from the more redundant fountain of theirs"—a light of fame, immortal and imperishable in itself!

It was during this period of his life that he became acquainted with the family of Thomas H. Benton—a family destined to wield a salutary influence over the future of his existence.

It is hardly necessary to add here, that Senator Benton is among the last survivors of that glorious school of senatorial statesmen and rhetoricians, which once lent to our national halls of legislation an air of intellectual brilliancy and splendor, that would not have been deemed unworthy of the Roman Senate-chamber, or Areopagus of Athens, in their palmyest days. He, indeed, is the Nestor of our times.

When Mr. Fremont became first acquainted with the family of Senator Benton, his second daughter, JESSIE, was fifteen years of age. Between herself and Fremont an attachment sprung up, which ripened into a love-flame, that no opposing power could quench, and which cast all obstacles into the shade. The union of their daughter with an officer was warmly opposed both by Mr. and Mrs. Benton. Although they entertained for him, personally, the highest regard, it was impossible that a fond and loving mother could consent to the marriage of a daughter only fifteen years old, while Mr. B. feared the possible death of Fremont, and then, the natural consequence of his widow being thrown, perhaps penniless, upon the War Department. But they did not foresee that he would, in future years, be regarded as the hope of human freedom; and, probably, be

chosen First Magistrate of the American Republic, in 1856.

The course of true love never did run smooth ; at least the aphorism was true so far as it related to Fremont. During a period of about two years, he had continued to feed upon hope ; but a day of separation was nigh at hand. In the summer of 1841, he received an unexpected and mysterious, but inexorable, order to make an examination of the river Des Moines, upon the banks of which the Sacs and Fox Indians had their homes, Iowa being at that time a frontier country. It has been truly said that the adversary who wrestles with us, strengthens our limbs ; and opposition to youth and love is simply what oil is to the flame. The new command received by Fremont fell upon him like a thunder-clap ! Upon the one side he beheld the mistress of his heart, from whom he was about being separated ; and on the other, his country, demanding his services and obedience. He resolved—perhaps by her advice—to cheerfully confide in the constancy of the former, and to obey the latter. Nor was his confidence misplaced or betrayed. The flame which his presence had kindled, continued to burn purely in his absence.

Nothing gives a parent more joy than to trace in the lineaments of his child a striking resemblance to his own ; but the sternness of will and unbending temper which may characterize the parent, is often found inconvenient in the child.

To her father, physically and mentally, JESSIE BENTON bore an unmistakable resemblance. Her resolution once shaped, it could not be altered. She loved Fremont ; she had already bestowed upon him her heart ; and if she could not bestow upon him also her hand, that heart, she knew, would ever remain bankrupt. Conscious of this, she resolved to brave all obstacles, and to link her mortal destiny to the object of her soul's affection. On

the 19th day of October, after having discharged the duties imposed upon him, John Charles Fremont was married clandestinely to Miss Benton. The ceremony was performed by a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, ministers of all other denominations having previously refused to *sin* against Mr. Benton, by performing what they deemed to be a "contraband" service. The fact that he was so married, is the only foundation for the Know-Nothing libel which we have above refuted, viz.—that Mr. Fremont is a Roman Catholic.

As we shall see hereafter, Mrs. Fremont was in every respect worthy of her gallant husband. He soon received, not only the forgiveness, but the love, of her parents; and we shall, in the following pages, have occasion, more than once, to quote in his favor from Benton's *Thirty Years' View*.

---

## CHAPTER IV.

### FIRST EXPLORATION.

WHEN Columbus arrived at San Salvador, he erected the Cross there as the object of his worship! When Fremont stood upon the highest pinnacle of the Rocky Mountains, he waved aloft the American Flag, where, as he himself so happily expresses it, flag was never waved before! The emblem raised by the one was that of man's redemption; that by the other, guarantees FREEDOM to all that are embraced as citizens beneath its folds. The greatness of the good old Genoese cannot dim the lustre which belongs to his less famous successor, in relation to whose wonderful adventures, almost

fabulous explorations, and brilliant discoveries, we are now more specially interested.

In 1842 commenced the great emigration of the Anglo-American race to the shore of the Pacific Ocean; and during that year and the following, that enterprising family succeeded in firmly establishing itself there, and along the banks of the Columbia River. "It was not the act of the Government, leading the people and protecting them; but, like all other great emigrations and settlements of that race on our continent, it was the act of the people, going forward without Government aid or countenance, establishing their possession, and compelling the Government to follow with its shield, and spread it over them."

With this emigration was intimately connected the first expedition of Lieutenant Fremont to the Rocky Mountains, undertaken and completed in the summer of 1842; conceived without the knowledge of Government, and executed upon solicited orders, of which the design was unknown. The knowledge which he had acquired while exploring the Territories of the Northwest, revealed to him the public ignorance relative to the subject. He soon discovered that much of what passed current as fact, was simply composed of the marvellous fables related by frontier *raconteurs*, over their camp-fires, to eager and credulous listeners. Indeed, so late as 1846, one of the earlier editions of a general map of the United States for the year in the Congressional Library at Washington, regarded and quoted as an authority on the Oregon question that year, even by the President himself, with entire confidence, represented the great Salt Lake as discharging itself by three great rivers into the Pacific Ocean—from its southern extremities into the Gulf of California—from its western side through the Sierra Nevada range into the Bay of San Francisco, and from its western extremity into the embouchure of the Columbia River. In his various explorations, Fremont

had already not only disabused his mind of many such absurdities as this, upon which public curiosity had been fed, but he also became strongly impressed both with the feasibility and the necessity of an overland communication of some kind between the Atlantic and Pacific States. This became a leading idea with him in his subsequent explorations, to which we are about to direct our readers' attention, and remained at all times, and in all situations, one of his favorite dreams.

Having, as we have above seen, assisted M. Nicollet, in his two years' survey of the country between the Missouri and Mississippi, Fremont's mind was trained to such labor; and, to quote the language of the distinguished author of *The Thirty Years' View*, "instead of hunting comfortable berths about the towns and villages, he solicited employment in the vast regions beyond the Mississippi. Colonel Abert, the chief of the topographical corps, gave him an order to go to the frontier, beyond the Mississippi. That order did not come up to his views. After receiving it, he carried it back, and got it altered, and the Rocky Mountains inserted as an object of his exploration, and the South Pass in those mountains named as a particular point to be examined, and its position fixed by him. It was through this Pass that the Oregon emigration crossed the mountains, and the exploration of Lieutenant Fremont had the double effect of fixing an important point in the line of the emigrants' travel, and giving them encouragement from the apparent interest which the Government took in their enterprise. At the same time, the Government, that is, the Executive Administration, knew nothing about it. The design was conceived by the young lieutenant: the order for its execution was obtained, upon solicitation, from his immediate chief—importing, of course, to be done by his order, but an order which had its conception elsewhere."

Mr. Fremont left Washington on the 2d day of May,

1842. He completed his arrangements beyond the western boundaries of the State of Missouri, at Choteau's trading-house; and he set out upon his expedition on the 10th day of June. We quote the description of his party given by himself, because we could not improve it :

"I had collected in the neighborhood of St. Louis twenty-one men, principally Creole and Canadian *voyageurs*, who had become familiar with prairie life in the service of the fur companies in the Indian country. Mr. Charles Preuss, a native of Germany, was my assistant in the topographical part of the survey. L. Maxwell, of Kaskaskia, had been engaged as hunter, and Christopher Carson (more familiarly known, for his exploits in the mountains, as Kit Carson) was our guide. The persons engaged in St. Louis were :

"Clement Lambert, J. B. L'Esperance, J. B. Lefevre, Benjamin Potra, Louis Gouin, J. B. Dumes, Basil Lajeunesse, François Tessier, Benjamin Cadotte, Joseph Clément, Daniel Simonds, Leonard Benoit, Michel Morly, Baptiste Bernier, Honoré Ayot, François Latulippe, François Badeau, Louis Ménard, Joseph Ruelle, Moise Chardonnais, Auguste Janisse, Raphael Proue.

"In addition to these, Henry Brant, son of Colonel J. B. Brant, of St. Louis, a young man of nineteen years of age, and Randolph, a lively boy of twelve, son of the Hon. Thomas H. Benton, accompanied me, for the development of mind and body which such an expedition would give. We were all well armed and mounted, with the exception of eight men, who conducted as many carts, in which were packed our stores, with the baggage and instruments, and which were each drawn by two mules. A few loose horses, and four oxen, which had been added to our stock of provisions, completed the train. We set out on the morning of the 10th, which happened to be Friday—a circumstance which our men did not fail to remember and recall during the hardships and vexations of the ensuing journey."

Their generous host, Mr. Cyprian Chouteau, accompanied the explorers a short distance, until they met an

Indian guide, who conducted them for the first thirty miles, and then consigned them to the vast ocean of prairie, which, they were told, stretched without interruption to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Furnished with mathematical and philosophical instruments necessary for a scientific exploration, almost every camping station was made the scene of astronomical and barometrical observations, which have furnished materials from which Capt. FREMONT has made accurate maps and profiles of the vast region he traversed. During their journey it was customary to encamp a little before sunset, forming a sort of barricade, with the carts, around a circle of some eighty yards in diameter, in which the tents were pitched, and after dark the animals confined. At day-break the camp was roused, the animals turned loose to graze, and the march renewed about 8 o'clock. Astronomical observations, to determine the latitude and longitude, were taken at night; the altitude of the polar star determining the former, and occultations of the stars, lunar distances, and the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, the latter. Meridian altitudes of the sun also were taken daily for the latitude, when the weather would permit; and regular barometrical observations determined the elevation or depression of the country. Some of his longitudes are chronometric. In determining longitudes from the observation of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, he always preferred the emersion; the same was also relied on in occultations of stars, the phase at the bright limb generally giving incorrect longitudes. For this reason the result obtained from the emersion at the dark limb was alone adopted.

In ten days' time they were far away from civilization, in what longitude and latitude will fully appear from the following inimitably beautiful extract, taken from Mr. Fremont's report. It should, perhaps, be remembered in this connection, that the expedition commenced at the mouth of the Kansas river, four hundred miles

above St. Louis. On the 10th day of their journey, and 20th of June, having reached *Big Blue*, the party made their usual halt at noon, "and encamped on the uplands of the western side, near a small creek, where was a very fine large spring of very cold water."

"This," continues Mr. Fremont, "is a clear and handsome stream, about one hundred and twenty feet wide, running with a rapid current, through a well-timbered valley. To-day antelope were seen running over the hills, and at evening Carson brought us a fine deer. Longitude of the camp  $96^{\circ} 32' 35''$ , latitude  $39^{\circ} 45' 08''$ . Thermometer at sunset  $75^{\circ}$ . A pleasant southerly breeze and fine morning had given place to a gale, with indications of bad weather; when, after a march of ten miles, we halted to noon on a small creek, where the water stood in deep pools. In the bank of the creek limestone made its appearance in a stratum about one foot thick. In the afternoon, the people seemed to suffer for want of water. The road led along a high dry ridge; dark lines of timber indicated the heads of streams in the plains below; but there was no water near, and the day was oppressive, with a hot wind, and the thermometer at  $90^{\circ}$ . Along our route the *amorpha* has been in very abundant but variable bloom—in some places bending beneath the weight of purple clusters; in others without a flower. It seemed to love best the sunny slopes, with a dark soil and southern exposure. Everywhere the rose is met with, and reminds us of cultivated gardens and civilization. It is scattered over the prairies in small bouquets, and, when glittering in the dews and waving in the pleasant breeze of the early morning, is the most beautiful of the prairie flowers. The *artemisia*, absinthe, or prairie sage, as it is variously called, is increasing in size, and glittering like silver, as the southern breeze turns up its leaves to the sun. All these plants have their insect inhabitants, variously colored—taking generally the hue of the flower on which they live. The *artemisia* has its small fly accompanying it through every change of elevation and latitude; and wherever I have seen the *asclepias tuberosa*, I have always remarked, too, on the flower a large butterfly, so nearly resembling

it in color as to be distinguishable at a little distance only by the motion of its wings."

. Of the various dangers encountered, and the hardships which the little party commanded by Fremont underwent, it would be impossible to give here a detailed account. No narrative could be more brief, clear, and comprehensive, than his own. It is as exciting and interesting as the page of any romance; yet its accuracy has never been impeached. Having arrived at Fort Laramie, on the 12th of July, they found that a bad state of feeling had grown up between the Cheyennes and Sioux Indians on the one hand, and the whites on the other, in consequence of an unfortunate engagement which had recently occurred, in which the Indians had lost eight or ten warriors. Some eight hundred Indian lodges were ascertained to be in motion against the whites, and great alarm had been inspired by the intelligence received of their advance. We quote again from Fremont's report:

"Thus it would appear that the country was swarming with scattered war parties; and when I heard, during the day, the various contradictory and exaggerated rumors which were incessantly repeated to them, I was not surprised that so much alarm prevailed among my men. Carson, one of the best and most experienced mountaineers, fully supported the opinion given by Bridger of the dangerous state of the country, and openly expressed his conviction that we could not escape without some sharp encounters with the Indians. In addition to this, he made his will; and among the circumstances which were constantly occurring to increase their alarm, this was the most unfortunate; and I found that a number of my party had become so much intimidated, that they had requested to be discharged at this place. I dined to-day at Fort Platte, which has been mentioned as situated at the junction of Laramie River with the Nebraska. Here I heard a confirmation of the statements given above. The party of warriors, which had started a few days since on the trail of the emi-

grants, was expected back in fourteen days, to join the village with which their families and the old men had remained. The arrival of the latter was hourly expected, and some Indians have just come in who had left them on the Laramie fork, about twenty miles above. Mr. Bissonette, one of the traders belonging to Fort Platte, urged the propriety of taking with me an interpreter, and two or three old men of the village; in which case, he thought there would be little or no hazard in encountering any of the war parties. The principal danger was in being attacked before they should know who we were.

"They had a confused idea of the numbers and power of our people, and dreaded to bring upon themselves the military force of the United States. This gentleman, who spoke the language fluently, offered his services to accompany me so far as the Red Buttes. He was desirous to join the large party on its return, for purposes of trade, and it would suit his views, as well as my own, to go with us to the Buttes; beyond which point it would be impossible to prevail on a Sioux to venture, on account of their fear of the Crows. From Fort Laramie to the Red Buttes, by the ordinary road, is one hundred and thirty-five miles; and, though only on the threshold of danger, it seemed better to secure the services of an interpreter for the partial distance, than to have none at all.

"So far as frequent interruption from the Indians would allow, we occupied ourselves in making some astronomical calculations, and bringing up the general map to this stage of our journey; but the tent was generally occupied by a succession of our ceremonious visitors. Some came for presents, and others for information of our object in coming to the country; now and then, one would dart up to the tent on horseback, jerk off his trappings, and stand silently at the door, holding his horse by the halter, signifying his desire to trade. Occasionally a savage would stalk in with an invitation to a feast of honor, a dog feast, and deliberately sit down and wait quietly until I was ready to accompany him. I went to one; the women and children were sitting outside the lodge, and we took our seats on buffalo robes

spread around. The dog was in a large pot over the fire, in the middle of the lodge, and immediately on our arrival was dished up in large wooden bowls, one of which was handed to each. The flesh appeared very glutinous, with something of the flavor and appearance of mutton. Feeling something move behind me, I looked round, and found that I had taken my seat among a litter of fat young puppies. Had I been nice in such matters, the prejudices of civilization might have interfered with my tranquillity; but, fortunately, I am not of delicate nerves, and continued quietly to empty my platter.

“The weather was cloudy at evening, with a moderate south wind, and the thermometer at 6 o'clock 85 degrees. I was disappointed in my hope of obtaining an observation of an occultation, which took place about midnight. The moon brought with her heavy banks of clouds, through which she scarcely made her appearance during the night.

“The morning of the 18th was cloudy and calm, the thermometer at 6 o'clock at 64 degrees. About 9 o'clock, with a moderate wind from the west, a storm of rain came on, accompanied by sharp thunder and lightning, which lasted about an hour. During the day the expected village arrived, consisting principally of old men, women, and children. They had a considerable number of horses and large troops of dogs. Their lodges were pitched near the fort, and our camp was constantly crowded with Indians of all sizes, from morning until night; at which time some of the soldiers generally came to drive them all off to the village. My tent was the only place which they respected. Here only came the chiefs and men of distinction, and generally one of them remained to drive away the women and children. The numerous strange instruments, applied to still stranger uses, excited awe and admiration among them, and those which I used in talking with the sun and stars they looked upon with especial reverence, as mysterious things of ‘great medicine.’ Of the three barometers which I had brought with me thus far successfully, I found that two were out of order, and spent the greater part of the 19th in repairing them—an operation of no

small difficulty in the midst of the incessant interruptions to which I was subjected. We had the misfortune to break here a large thermometer, graduated to show fifths of a degree, which I used to ascertain the temperature of boiling water, and with which I had promised myself some interesting experiments in the mountains. We had but one remaining, on which the graduation extended sufficiently high ; and this was too small for exact observations. During our stay here, the men had been engaged in making numerous repairs, arranging pack-saddles, and otherwise preparing for the chances of a rough road and mountain travel. All things of this nature being ready, I gathered them around me in the evening, and told them that 'I had determined to proceed the next day. They were all well armed. I had engaged the service of Mr. Bissonette as interpreter, and had taken, in the circumstances, every possible means to insure our safety. In the rumors we had heard, I believed there was much exaggeration, and then they were men accustomed to this kind of life and to the country ; and that these were the dangers of every day occurrence, and to be expected in the ordinary course of their service. They had heard of the unsettled condition of the country before leaving St. Louis, and therefore could not make it a reason for breaking their engagements. Still, I was unwilling to take with me, on a service of some certain danger, men on whom I could not rely ; and as I had understood that there were among them some who were disposed to cowardice, and anxious to return, they had but to come forward at once, and state their desire, and they would be discharged with the amount due to them for the time they had served.' To their honor be it said, there was but one among them who had the face to come forward and avail himself of the permission. I asked him some few questions, in order to expose him to the ridicule of the men, and let him go. The day after our departure, he engaged himself to one of the forts, and set off with a party to the Upper Missouri. I did not think that the situation of the country justified me in taking our young companions, Messrs. Brant and Benton, along with us. In case of misfortune, it would have been thought, at the least, an

act of great imprudence; and therefore, though reluctantly, I determined to leave them. Randolph had been the life of the camp, and the '*petit garçon*' was much regretted by the men, to whom his buoyant spirits had afforded great amusement. They all, however, agreed in the propriety of leaving him at the fort, because, as they said, he might cost the lives of some of the men in a fight with the Indians.

"*July 21.*—A portion of our baggage, with our field notes and observations, and several instruments, were left at the fort. One of the gentlemen, Mr. Galpin, took charge of a barometer, which he engaged to observe during my absence; and I intrusted to Randolph, by way of occupation, the regular winding up of two of my chronometers, which were among the instruments left. Our observations showed that the chronometer which I retained for the continuation of our voyage had preserved its rate in a most satisfactory manner. As deduced from it, the longitude of Fort Laramie is 7 hours, 1 minute, 21 seconds, and from lunar distance, 7 hours, 1 minute, 29 seconds—giving for the adopted longitude 104 degrees, 47 minutes, 43 seconds. Comparing the barometrical observations made during our stay here, with those of Dr. G. Engleman at St. Louis, we find for the elevation of the fort above the Gulf of Mexico, 4,470 feet. The winter climate here is remarkably mild for the latitude; but rainy weather is frequent, and the place is celebrated for winds, of which the prevailing one is west. An east wind in summer, and a south wind in winter, are said to be always accompanied with rain.

"We were ready to depart; the tents were struck, the mules geared up, and our horses saddled, and we walked up to the fort to take the *stirrup-cup* with our friends in an excellent home-brewed preparation. While thus pleasantly engaged, seated in one of the little cool chambers, at the door of which a man had been stationed to prevent all intrusion from the Indians, a number of chiefs, several of them powerful fine-looking men, forced their way into the room in spite of all opposition. Handing me the following letter (in French), they took their seats in silence:

[*Translation.*]

“ ‘FORT PLATTE, July 1, 1842.

“ ‘MR. FREMONT :—The chiefs, having assembled in council, have just told me to warn you not to set out before the party of young men which is now out shall have returned. Furthermore, they tell me they are very sure they will fire upon you as soon as they meet you. They are expected back in seven or eight days. Excuse me for making these observations, but it seems my duty to warn you of danger. Moreover, the chiefs who prohibit your setting out before the return of the warriors are the bearers of this note.

“ ‘I am your obedient servant,

“ ‘JOSEPH BISSONETTE.

“ ‘By L. B. CHARTRAIN.

“ ‘*Names of some of the Chiefs.*—The Otter Hat, the Breaker of Arrows, the Black Night, the Bull's Tail’

“ ‘After reading this, I mentioned its purport to my companions ; and, seeing that all were fully possessed of its contents, one of the Indians rose up, and, having first shaken hands with me, spoke as follows :

“ ‘ ‘You have come among us at a bad time. Some of our people have been killed, and our young men, who are gone to the mountains, are eager to avenge the blood of their relations, which has been shed by the whites. Our young men are bad, and, if they meet you, they will believe that you are carrying goods and ammunition to their enemies, and will fire upon you. You have told us that this will make war. We know that our great father has many soldiers and big guns, and we are anxious to have our lives. We love the whites, and are desirous of peace. Thinking of all these things, we have determined to keep you here until our warriors return. We are glad to see you among us. Our father is rich, and we expected that you would have brought presents to us—horses, guns, and blankets. But we are glad to see you. We look upon your coming as the light which goes before the sun ; for you will tell our great father that you have seen us, and that we are naked and poor, and have nothing to eat ; and he will send us all these things.’

“ ‘He was followed by the others, to the same effect.

“ ‘The observations of the savage appeared reasonable ; but I was aware that they had in view only the present object of detaining me, and were unwilling I

should go farther into the country. In reply, I asked them, through the interpretation of Mr. Boudeau, to select two or three of their number to accompany us until we should meet their people—they should spread their robes in my tent and eat at my table, and on our return I would give them presents in reward of their services. They declined, saying that there were no young men left in the village, and that they were too old to travel so many days on horseback, and preferred now to smoke their pipes in the lodge, and let the warriors go on the war-path. Besides, they had no power over the young men, and were afraid to interfere with them. In my turn I addressed them: ‘You say that you love the whites; why have you killed so many already this spring? You say that you love the whites, and are full of many expressions of friendship to us; but you are not willing to undergo the fatigue of a few days’ ride to save our lives. We do not believe what you have said, and will not listen to you. Whatever a chief among us tells his soldiers to do, is done. We are the soldiers of the great chief, your father. He has told us to come here and see this country, and all the Indians, his children. Why should we not go? Before we came, we heard that you had killed his people, and ceased to be his children; but we came among you peaceably, holding out our hands. Now we find that the stories we heard are not lies, and that you are no longer his friends and children. We have thrown away our bodies, and will not turn back. When you told us that your young men would kill us, you did not know that our hearts were strong, and you did not see the rifles which my young men carry in their hands. We are few, and you are many, and may kill us all; but there will be much crying in your villages, for many of your young men will stay behind, and forget to return with your warriors from the mountains. Do you think that our great chief will let his soldiers die, and forget to cover their graves? Before the snows melt again, his warriors will sweep away your villages as the fire does the prairie in the autumn. See! I have pulled down my *white houses*, and my people are ready; when the sun is ten paces higher, we shall be on the march. If you have

any thing to tell us, you will say it soon.' I broke up the conference, as I could do nothing with these people; and, being resolved to proceed, nothing was to be gained by delay. Accompanied by our hospitable friends, we returned to the camp. We had mounted our horses, and our parting salutations had been exchanged, when one of the chiefs (the Bull's Tail) arrived to tell me that they had determined to send a young man with us; and if I would point out the place of our evening camp, he should join us there. 'The young man is poor,' said he; 'he has no horse, and expects you to give him one.' I described to him the place where I intended to encamp, and, shaking hands, in a few minutes we were among the hills, and this last habitation of whites shut out from our view."

It was during this expedition that he succeeded in ascending the Wind River peak of the Rocky Mountains—the highest portion of that vast chain, to the summit of which civilized foot had never reached before. His companions in the ascent were Mr. Preuss, Basil Lajeunesse, Clement Lambert, Janisse, and Descoteaux. We extract from his narrative again, a brief account of this ascent:

"Our mules had been refreshed by the fine grass in the little ravine at the Island camp, and we intended to ride up the defile as far as possible, in order to husband our strength for the main ascent. Though this was a fine passage, still it was a defile of the most rugged mountains known, and we had many a rough and steep slippery place to cross before reaching the end. In this place the sun rarely shone; snow lay along the border of the small stream which flowed through it, and occasional icy passages made the footing of the mules very insecure, and the rocks and ground were moist with the trickling waters in this spring of mighty rivers. We soon had the satisfaction to find ourselves riding along the huge wall which forms the central summits of the chain. There at last it rose by our sides, a nearly perpendicular wall of granite, terminating 2,000 to 3,000

feet above our heads, in a serrated line of broken, jagged cones. We rode on until we came almost immediately below the main peak, which I denominated the Snow Peak, as it exhibited more snow to the eye than any of the neighboring summits. Here were three small lakes of a green color, each of perhaps a thousand yards in diameter, and apparently very deep. These lay in a kind of chasm; and, according to the barometer, we had attained but a few hundred feet above the Island lake. The barometer here stood at 20.450, attached thermometer 70°.

“We managed to get our mules up to a little bench about a hundred feet above the lake, and turned them loose to graze. During our rough ride to this place, they had exhibited a wonderful surefootedness. Parts of the defile were filled with angular, sharp fragments of rock, three or four and eight or ten feet cube; and among these they had worked their way, leaping from one narrow point to another, rarely making a false step, and giving us no occasion to dismount. Having divested ourselves of every unnecessary encumbrance, we commenced the ascent. This time, like experienced travellers, we did not press ourselves, but climbed leisurely, sitting down so soon as we found breath beginning to fail. At intervals we reached places where a number of springs gushed from the rocks, and about 1,800 feet above the lakes came to the snow-line. From this point our progress was uninterrupted climbing. Hitherto I had worn a pair of thick moccasins, with soles of *parflèche*; but here I put on a light thin pair, which I had brought for the purpose, as now the use of our toes became necessary to a further advance. I availed myself of a sort of comb of the mountain, which stood against the wall like a buttress, and which the wind and the solar radiation, joined to the steepness of the smooth rock, had kept almost entirely free from snow. Up this I made my way rapidly. Our cautious method of advancing in the outset had spared my strength; and, with the exception of a slight disposition to headache, I felt no remains of yesterday's illness. In a few minutes we reached a point where the buttress was overhanging, and there was no other way of sur-

mounting the difficulty than by passing around one side of it, which was the face of a vertical precipice of several hundred feet.

“Putting hands and feet in the crevices between the blocks, I succeeded in getting over it, and, when I reached the top, found my companions in a small valley below. Descending to them, we continued climbing and in a short time reached the crest. *I sprang upon the summit, and another step would have precipitated me into an immense snow-field five hundred feet below.* To the edge of this field was a sheer icy precipice; and then, with a gradual fall, the field sloped off for about a mile, until it struck the foot of another lower ridge. I stood on a narrow crest, about three feet in width, with an inclination of about  $20^{\circ}$  N.  $51^{\circ}$  E. As soon as I had gratified the first feelings of curiosity, I descended, and each man ascended in his turn; for I would only allow one at a time to mount the unstable and precarious slab, which it seemed a breath would hurl into the abyss below. *We mounted the barometer in the snow of the summit, and, fixing a ramrod in a crevice, unfurled the national flag to wave in the breeze where never flag waved before.* During our morning's ascent, we had met no sign of animal life, except a small sparrow-like bird already mentioned. A stillness the most profound and a terrible solitude forced themselves constantly on the mind as the great features of the place. Here, on the summit, where the stillness was absolute, unbroken by any sound, and the solitude complete, we thought ourselves beyond the region of animated life; but while we were sitting on the rock, a solitary bee (*bromus*, the *humblebee*) came winging his flight from the eastern valley, and lit on the knee of one of the men.

“It was a strange place, the icy rock and the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, for a lover of warm sunshine and flowers; and we pleased ourselves with the idea that he was the first of his species to cross the mountain barrier—a solitary pioneer to foretell the advance of civilization. I believe that a moment's thought would have made us let him continue his way unharmed; but we carried out the law of this country, where all animated nature seems at war; and, seizing

him immediately, put him in at least a fit place—in the leaves of a large book, among the flowers we had collected on our way. The barometer stood at 18.293, the attached thermometer at  $44^{\circ}$ ; giving for the elevation of this summit 13,570 feet above the Gulf of Mexico, which may be called the highest flight of the bee. It is certainly the highest known flight of that insect. . . . . On one side we overlooked innumerable lakes and streams, the spring of the Colorado of the Gulf of California; and on the other was the Wind River valley, where were the heads of the Yellowstone branch of the Missouri; far to the north, we just could discover the snowy heads of the *Trois Tetons*, where were the source of the Missouri and Columbia rivers; and at the southern extremity of the ridge, the peaks were plainly visible, among which were some of the springs of the Nebraska or Platte river. Around us, the whole scene had one main striking feature, which was that of terrible convulsion. Parallel to its length the ridge was split into chasms and fissures; between which rose the thin lofty walls, terminated with slender minarets and columns. According to the barometer, the little crest of the wall on which we stood was three thousand five hundred and seventy feet above that place, and two thousand seven hundred and eighty above the little lakes at the bottom, immediately at our feet. Our camp at the Two Hills (an astronomical station) bore south 3 deg. east, which, with a bearing afterwards obtained from a fixed position, enabled us to locate the peak. The bearing of the *Trois Tetons* was north 50 deg. west, and the direction of the central ridge of the Wind River mountains south 39 deg. east. . . . . Having now made what observations our means afforded, we proceeded to descend. We had accomplished an object of laudable ambition, and beyond the strict order of our instructions. We had climbed the loftiest peak of the Rocky Mountains, and looked down upon the snow a thousand feet below, and, standing where never human foot had stood before, felt the exultation of first explorers. It was about two o'clock when we left the summit; and when we reached the bottom, the sun had already sunk behind the wall and the day was drawing to a close. It would have been

pleasant to have lingered here and on the summit longer ; but we hurried away as rapidly as the ground would permit, for it was an object to regain our party as soon as possible, not knowing what accident the next hour might bring forth.

“ We reached our deposit of provisions at nightfall. Here was not the inn which awaits the tired traveller on his return from Mont Blanc, or the orange groves of South America, with their refreshing juices and soft fragrant air ; but we found our little *cache* of dried meat and coffee undisturbed. Though the moon was bright, the road was full of precipices, and the fatigue of the day had been great. We, therefore, abandoned the idea of rejoining our friends, and lay down on the rock, and in spite of the cold, slept soundly.”

The main object of the expedition was now accomplished. On the 17th of August, they turned their faces homeward ; and on the 17th of October, they were at St. Louis. Of Colonel Fremont's attempted visit to Goat Island, we cannot give even a condensed account ; and can only add that it was as full of perils and hair-breadth escapes as any similar undertaking upon record !

---

## CHAPTER V.

### SECOND EXPEDITION.

IN our last chapter, we followed Mr. Fremont to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and there we beheld him open to the breeze the flag of his native country. We accompanied him in his descent to St. Louis, and, finally, to Washington, where he placed his report in the hands of the War Department. What his feelings of joy were, when, standing upon that icy pinnacle, his imagination penetrated into the future, and surveyed the streams of civilization passing and repassing down the slopes and flowery valleys that lead to the Pacific Ocean, and away, away over the vast space that divided him

from the ship-dotted bays of the Atlantic cities; all uniting beneath, and deriving protection and freedom from that flag under whose folds he stood!—we are not told. But let the reader consider himself, for a moment, in the position of that young and gallant explorer, who was the first to sever the gordian knot of supposed overland impossibilities, that had hitherto divided both seas, and say what would have been his own emotions under such circumstances.

A portion of the great work, however, was only accomplished. The report of his first expedition was dated March 1st, 1843. On the 17th day of May, in the same year, he departed upon the second. What the object of this expedition was, and the nature of the instructions which he had received, may be gleaned from the report made by him in 1845, to Col. Abert:

“SIR:—In pursuance of your instructions to connect the reconnaissance of 1842, which I had the honor to conduct, with the surveys of Commander Wilkes on the coast of the Pacific Ocean, so as to give a connected survey of the interior of our continent, I proceeded to the Great West early in the spring of 1843, and arrived on the 17th of May, at the little town of Kansas, on the Missouri frontier, near the junction of the Kansas river, with the Missouri river, where I was detained near two weeks in completing the necessary preparations for the extended explorations which my instructions contemplated.

“My party consisted principally of Creole and Canadian French, and Americans, amounting in all to thirty-nine men, among whom you will recognize several of those who were with me in my first expedition, and who have been favorably brought to your notice in a former report. Mr. Thomas Fitzpatrick, whom many years of hardship and exposure, in the western territories, had rendered familiar with a portion of the country it was designed to explore, had been selected as our guide; and Mr. Charles Preuss, who had been my assistant in a previous journey, was again associated with me in the same capacity, on the present expedition.”

Having then set forth the respective names of the men composing his party, and recounting the scientific instruments with which he was provided, he proceeds :

“To make the exploration as useful as possible, I determined, in conformity to your general instructions, to vary the route to the Rocky Mountains from that followed in the year 1842. The route was then up the valley of the Great Platte river to the South Pass, in north lat. 42 deg. ; the route now determined on was up the valley of the Kansas river, and to the head of the Arkansas river, and to some pass in the mountains, if any could be found, at the sources of that river.

“By making this deviation from the former route, the problem of a new road to Oregon and California, in a climate more genial, might be solved ; and a better knowledge obtained of an important river, and the country it drained, while the great object of the expedition would find its point of commencement at the termination of the former, which was at that great gate in the ridge of the Rocky Mountains called the South Pass, and on the lofty peak of the mountain which overlooks it, deemed the highest peak in the ridge, and from the opposite sides of which four great rivers take their rise, and flow to the Pacific or the Mississippi.”

It is an historical fact but recently developed, that, although it availed itself of the honors accruing from this expedition of Col. Fremont, the government not only denied him all encouragement, but threw every imaginable obstacle in his way, calculated to dampen his ardor and thwart his purposes. Indeed—as will appear from the following forcible and graphic passage, which we give from Benton's *Thirty Years' View* in the United States Senate—it is only to the address, singular boldness, and accomplishments, of Mrs. Fremont, that the nation is indebted for the glorious results of her husband's second expedition.

“The government,” says Mr. Benton, “deserves credit for the zeal with ‘which it has pursued geographical discovery.’ Such is a remark which a leading paper

made upon the discoveries of Fremont, on his return from his second expedition to the Great West; and such is the remark which writers will make upon all his discoveries who write history from public documents and outside views. With all such writers, the expeditions of Fremont will be credited to the zeal of the government for the promotion of science; as if the government under which he acted had conceived and planned these expeditions, as Mr. Jefferson did that of Lewis and Clark, and then selected this young officer to carry into effect the instructions delivered to him. How far such history would be true in relation to the first expedition, which terminated in the Rocky Mountains, has been seen in the account which has been given of the origin of that undertaking, and which leaves the government innocent of its conception; and, therefore, not entitled to the credit of its authorship, but only to the merit of permitting it. In the second and greater expedition, from which great political as well as scientific results have flowed, their merit is still less; for, while equally innocent of its conception, they were not equally passive to its performance—countermanding the expedition after it had begun; and lavishing censure upon the adventurous young explorer for his manner of undertaking it. The fact was, that his first expedition barely finished, Mr. Fremont sought and obtained orders for a second one, and was on the frontier of Missouri with his command, when orders arrived at St. Louis, to stop him, on the ground that he had made a military equipment, which the peaceful nature of his geographical pursuit did not require! as if Indians did not kill and rob scientific men as well as others if not in a condition to defend themselves. The particular point of complaint was, that he had taken a small mountain howitzer, in addition to his rifles; and which, he was informed, was charged to him, although it had been furnished upon a regular requisition on the commandant of the arsenal at St. Louis, approved by the commander of the military department (Colonel, afterwards General Kearney). *Mr. Fremont had left St. Louis, and was at the frontier, Mrs. Fremont being requested to examine the letters that came after him, and forward those which he ought to receive. She*

*read the countermanding orders, and detained them! and Fremont knew nothing of their existence until after he had returned from one of the most marvellous and eventful expeditions of modern times—one to which the United States are indebted (among other things) for the present ownership of California, instead of seeing it a British possession.* The writer of this View, who was then in St. Louis, approved of the course which his daughter had taken—for she had stopped the orders before he knew of it); and he wrote a letter to the Department condemning the recall, repulsing the reprimand which had been lavished upon Fremont, and demanding a court-martial for him when he should return. The Secretary at War then was Mr. James Madison Porter, of Pennsylvania; the chief of the Topographical Corps the same as now (Colonel Abert), himself an office man, surrounded by West Point officers, to whose pursuit of easy service Fremont's adventurous expeditions was a reproach; and in conformity to whose opinions the secretary seemed to have acted. On Fremont's return, upwards of a year afterwards, Mr. William Wilkins, of Pennsylvania, was Secretary at War, and received the young explorer with all honor and friendship, and obtained for him the brevet of Captain from President Tyler. And such is the inside view of this piece of history—very different from what documentary evidence would make it.

“To complete his survey across the continent, on the line of travel between the State of Missouri and the tide-water region of the Columbia, was Fremont's object in this expedition; and it was all that he had obtained orders for doing; but only a small part, and to his mind an insignificant part, of what he proposed doing. People had been to the mouth of the Columbia before, and his ambition was not limited to making tracks where others had made them before him. There was a vast region beyond the Rocky Mountains—the whole western slope of our continent—of which but little was known; and of that little, nothing with the accuracy of science. All that vast region, more than seven hundred miles square—equal to a great kingdom in Europe—was an unknown land—a sealed book, which he longed to open, and to

read. Leaving the frontier of Missouri in May, 1843, and often diverging from his route for the sake of expanding his field of observation, he had arrived in the tide-water region of Columbia in the month of November, and had then completed the whole service which his orders embraced. He might then have returned upon his tracks, or been brought home by sea, or hunted the most pleasant path for getting back; and if he had been a routine officer, satisfied with fulfilling an order, he would have done so. Not so the young explorer who held his diploma from Nature, and not from the United States' Military Academy. He was at Fort Vancouver, guest of the hospitable Dr. McLaughlin, Governor of the British Hudson Bay Fur Company; and obtained from him all possible information upon his intended line of return—faithfully given, but which proved to be disastrously erroneous in its leading and governing feature. A southeast route to cross the great unknown region diagonally through its heart (making a line from the Lower Columbia to the Upper Colorado of the Gulf of California), was his line of return; twenty-five men (the same who had come with him from the United States) and a hundred horses, were his equipment; and the commencement of winter the time of starting—all without a guide, relying upon their guns for support; and, in the last resort, upon their horses—such as should give out! for one that could carry a man, or a pack, could not be spared for food.

“All the maps up to that time had shown this region traversed from east to west—from the base of the Rocky Mountains to the Bay of San Francisco—by a great river called the *Buena Ventura*, which may be translated, the *Good Chance*. Governor McLaughlin believed in the existence of this river, and made out a conjectural manuscript map to show its place and course. Fremont believed in it, and his plan was to reach it before the dead of winter, and then hybernate upon it. As a great river, he knew that it must have some rich bottoms; covered with wood and grass, where the wild animals would collect and shelter, when the snows and freezing winds drove them from the plains: and with these animals to live on, and grass for the horses, and wood for

fires, he expected to avoid suffering, if not to enjoy comfort, during his solitary sojourn in that remote and profound wilderness. He proceeded—soon encountered deep snows which impeded progress upon the high lands—descended into a low country to the left (afterward known to be the Great Basin, from which no water issues to any sea)—skirted an enormous chain of mountain on the right, luminous with glittering white snow—saw strange Indians, who mostly fled—found a desert—no Buena Ventura, and death from cold and famine staring him in the face. The failure to find the river, or tidings of it, and the possibility of its existence seeming to be forbid by the structure of the country, and hybernation in the inhospitable desert being impossible, and the question being that of life and death, some new plan of conduct became indispensable. His celestial observations told him that he was in the latitude of the Bay of San Francisco, and only seventy miles from it. But what miles! up and down that snowy mountain which the Indians told him no men could cross in the winter—which would have snow upon it as deep as the trees, and places where people would slip off, and fall half a mile at a time—a fate which actually befell a mule, packed with the precious burden of botanical specimens, collected along a travel of two thousand miles. No reward could induce an Indian to become a guide in the perilous adventure of crossing this mountain. All recoiled and fled from the adventure. It was attempted without a guide—in the dead of winter—accomplished in forty days—the men and surviving horses, a woeful procession, crawling along one by one; skeleton men leading skeleton horses—and arriving at Suter's Settlement in the beautiful valley of the Sacramento, and where a genial warmth, and budding flowers, and flowing streams, and comfortable food, made a fairy contrast with the famine and freezing they had encountered, and the lofty Sierra Nevada which they had climbed. Here he rested and recruited; and from this point, and by way of Monterey, the first tidings were heard of the party since leaving Fort Vancouver.

“Another long progress to the south, skirting the western base of the Sierra Nevada, made him acquainted

with the noble valley of the San Joaquin, counterpart to that of the Sacramento; when crossing through a gap, and turning to the left, he skirted the Great Basin; and, by many deviations from the right line home, levied incessant contributions to science from expanded lands, not described before. In this eventful exploration all the great features of the western slope of our continent were brought to light—the Great Salt Lake, the Utah Lake, the Little Salt Lake; at all which places, then desert, the Mormons now are. The Sierra Nevada, then solitary in the snow, now crowded with Americans digging gold from its flanks; the beautiful valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, then alive with wild horses, elk, deer, and wild fowls, now smiling with American cultivation; the Great Basin itself, and its contents; the Three Parks; the approximation of the great rivers, which, rising together in the central region of the Rocky Mountains, go off east and west, towards the rising and the setting sun:—all these, and other strange features of a new region, more Asiatic than American, were brought to light and revealed to public view in the results of this exploration. Eleven months he was never out of sight of snow; and sometimes, freezing with cold, would look down upon a sunny valley, warm with genial heat—sometimes panting with the summer's heat, would look up at the eternal snows which crowned the neighboring mountain. But it was not then that California was secured to the Union—to the greatest power of the New World—to which it of right belonged; but it was the first step towards the acquisition, and the one that led to it. That second expedition led to a third, just in time to snatch the golden California from the hands of the British, ready to clutch it. But of this hereafter. Fremont's second expedition was now over. He had left the United States a fugitive from his Government, and returned with a name that went over Europe and America, and with discoveries bearing fruit which the civilized world is now enjoying."

This excellent chapter, albeit characteristically eloquent, clear, succinct, and comprehensive, is, nevertheless, too general in its tone to convey to the reader a

sufficiently clear idea of the terrible privations, long and protracted fatigue, hunger and cold, sufferings and adventures, encountered during months of before unheard-of toil, by this hardy and brave band of volunteers! Therefore, in order to give a more vivid impression of their dangers and services, we will make a few brief extracts from the journal of Mr. Fremont:

“*January 29.*—Several Indians appeared on the hill-side, reconnoitering the camp, and were induced to come in; others came in during the afternoon; and in the evening we held a council. The Indians immediately made it clear that the waters on which we were, also belong to the great Basin, in the edge of which we had been since the 17th of December; and it became evident that we had still the great ridge on the left to cross before we could reach the Pacific waters.

“We explained to the Indians that we were endeavoring to find a passage across the mountains into the country of the whites, whom we were going to see; and told them that we wished them to bring us a guide, to whom we would give presents of scarlet cloth, and other articles, which were shown to them. They looked at the reward we offered, and conferred with each other, but pointed to the snow on the mountain, and drew their hands across their neck and raised them above their heads, to show the depth; and signified that it was impossible for us to get through. They made signs that we must go to the southward, over a pass through a lower range, which they pointed out; there, they said, at the end of one day's travel, we would find people who lived near a pass in the great mountain; and to that point they engaged to furnish us a guide. They appeared to have a confused idea, from report, of whites who lived on the other side of the mountain; and once, they told us, about two years ago, a party of twelve men like ourselves, had ascended their river, and crossed to the other waters. They pointed out to us where they had crossed; but, then, they said, it was summer time; but now it would be impossible. . . .

“*January 31.*—We took our way over a gently rising

ground, the dividing ridge being tolerably low; and travelling easily along a broad trail, in twelve or fourteen miles reached the upper part of the pass; when it began to snow thickly, with very cold weather. The Indians had only the usual scanty covering, and appeared to suffer greatly from the cold. All left us, except our guide. Half hidden by the storm, the mountains looked dreary; and, as night began to approach, the guide showed great reluctance to go forward. I placed him between two rifles, for the way began to be difficult. Travelling a little further, we struck a ravine, which the Indian said would conduct us to the river; and as the poor fellow suffered greatly, shivering in the snow which fell upon his naked skin, I would not detain him any longer; and he ran off to the mountain, where he said there was a hut near by. He had kept the blue and scarlet cloth I had given him tightly rolled up, preferring ratlier to endure the cold than to get them wet. In the course of the afternoon, one of the men had his foot frost-bitten; and about dark we had the satisfaction to reach the bottoms of a stream timbered with large trees, among which we found a sheltered camp, with an abundance of such grass as the season afforded for the animals. . . .

“From the descriptions of the Indians, we were enabled to judge that we had encamped on the upper water of the Salmon Trout River. It is hardly necessary to say that our communication was only by signs, as we understood nothing of their language; but they spoke, notwithstanding, rapidly and vehemently, explaining what they considered the folly of our intentions, and urging us to go down to the lake. *Tah ve*, a word signifying snow, we very soon learned to know, from its frequent repetition. I told him that the men and the horses were strong, and that we would break a road through the snow; and spreading before him our bales of scarlet cloth, and trinkets, showed him what we would give for a guide. It was necessary to obtain one, if possible; for I had determined here to attempt the passage of the mountain. Pulling a bunch of grass from the ground, after a short discussion among themselves, the old man made us comprehend, that if we could break through the

snow, at the end of three days we would come down upon grass, which he showed us would be about six inches high, and where the ground was entirely free. So far, he said, he had been in hunting for elk; but beyond that (and he closed his eyes) he had seen nothing; but there was one among them who had been to the whites, and, going out of the lodge, he returned with a young man of very intelligent appearance. Here, said he, is a young man who has seen the whites with his own eyes; and he swore, first by the sky, and then by the ground, that what he said was true. With a large present of goods, we prevailed upon this young man to be our guide, and he acquired among us the name Mélo—a word signifying friend, which they used very frequently. He was thinly clad, and nearly barefoot; his moccasins being about worn out. We gave him skins to make a new pair, and to enable him to perform his undertaking to us. The Indians remained in the camp during the night, and we kept the guide and two others to sleep in the lodge with us—Carson lying across the door, and having made them comprehend the use of our firearms. The snow, which had intermitted in the evening, commenced falling again in the course of the night, and it snowed steadily all day. In the morning I acquainted the men with my decision, and explained to them that necessity required us to make a great effort to clear the mountains. I reminded them of the beautiful valley of the Sacramento, with which they were familiar from the descriptions of Carson, who had been there some fifteen years ago, and who, in our late privations, had delighted us in speaking of its rich pastures and abounding game, and drew a vivid contrast between its summer climate, less than a hundred miles distant, and the falling snow around us. I informed them (and long experience had given them confidence in my observations and good instruments) that almost directly west, and only about seventy miles distant, was the great farming establishment of Captain Sutter—a gentleman who had formerly lived in Missouri, and, emigrating to this country, had become the possessor of a principality. I assured them that, from the heights of the mountains before us, we should doubtless see the valley of the Sa-

cramento River, and with one effort place ourselves again in the midst of plenty. The people received this decision with the cheerful obedience which had always characterized them; and the day was immediately devoted to the preparations necessary to enable us to carry it into effect. Leggings, moccasins, clothing—all were put into the best state to resist the cold. Our guide was not neglected. Extremity of suffering might make him desert; we therefore did the best we could for him. Leggings, moccasins, some articles of clothing, and a large green blanket, in addition to the blue and scarlet cloth, were lavished upon him, and to his great and evident contentment. He arrayed himself in all his colors; and, clad in green, blue, and scarlet, he made a gay-looking Indian; and, with his various presents, was probably richer and better clothed than any of his tribe had ever been before.

“I have already said that our provisions were very low; we had neither tallow nor grease of any kind remaining, and the want of salt became one of our greatest privations. The poor dog which had been found in the Bear River valley, and which had been a *compagnon de voyage* ever since, had now become fat, and the mess to which it belonged requested permission to kill it. Leave was granted. Spread out on the snow, the meat looked very good; and it made a strengthening meal for the greater part of the camp. Indians brought in two or three rabbits during the day, which were purchased from them. . . .

“Two Indians joined our party here; and one of them, an old man, immediately began to harangue us, saying that ourselves and animals would perish in the snow; and that if we would go back, he would show us another and a better way across the mountain. He spoke in a very loud voice, and there was a singular repetition of phrases and arrangement of words, which rendered his speech striking, and not unmusical.

“We had now begun to understand some words, and, with the aid of signs, easily comprehended the old man's simple idea. ‘Rock upon rock—rock upon rock—snow upon snow—snow upon snow,’ said he; ‘even if you get over the snow, you will not be able to get down from

the mountains.' He made us the sign of precipices, and showed us how the feet of the horses would slip, and throw them off from the narrow trails which led along their sides. Our Chinook, who comprehended even more readily than ourselves, and believed our situation hopeless, covered his head with his blanket, and began to weep and lament. 'I wanted to see the whites,' said he; 'I came away from my own people to see the whites, and I wouldn't care to die among them; but here'—and he looked around into the cold night and gloomy forest, and, drawing his blanket over his head, began again to lament.

"Seated around the tree, the fire illuminating the rocks and the tall bolls of the pines round about, and the old Indian haranguing, we presented a group of very serious faces.

"*February 5.*—The night had been too cold to sleep, and we were up very early. Our guide was standing by the fire with all his finery on; and seeing him shiver in the cold I threw on his shoulders one of my blankets. We missed him a few minutes afterwards, and never saw him again. He had deserted. His bad faith and treachery were in perfect keeping with the estimate of Indian character, which a long intercourse with this people had gradually forced upon my mind. . . .

"*February 24.*—We rose at three in the morning, for an astronomical observation, and obtained for the place a latitude of 38 deg. 46 min. 58 sec., longitude 120 deg. 34 min. 20 sec. The sky was clear and pure, with a sharp wind from the northeast, and the thermometer two deg. below the freezing point. . . .

"Another horse was killed to-night for food. . . .

"*February 29.*—We lay shut up in the narrow ravine, and gave the animals a necessary day; and men were sent back after the others. Derosier volunteered to bring up Proveau, to whom he knew I was greatly attached, as he had been my favorite horse on both expeditions. Carson and I climbed one of the nearest mountains; the forest land still extended ahead, and the valley appeared as far as ever. The pack-horse was found near the camp, but Derosier did not get in. . . .

"We began to be uneasy at Derosier's absence, fearing

he might have been bewildered in the woods. Charles Towns, who had not yet recovered his mind, went to swim in the river, as if it were summer, and the stream placid, when it was a cold mountain-torrent foaming among the rocks. We were happy to see Derosier appear in the evening. He came in, and, sitting down by the fire, began to tell us where he had been. He imagined he had been gone several days, and thought we were still at the camp where he had left us; and we were pained to see that his mind was deranged. It appeared that he had been lost in the mountain, and hunger and fatigue, joined to weakness of body, and fear of perishing in the mountains, had crazed him. The times were severe when stout men lost their minds from extremity of suffering—when horses died—and when mules and horses, ready to die of starvation, were killed for food. Yet there was no murmuring or hesitation. . . .

“*March 3.*—We followed Mr. Preuss’s trail for a considerable distance along the river, until we reached a place where he had descended to the stream below and encamped. Here we shouted and fired guns, but received no answer; and we concluded that he had pushed on down the stream. I determined to keep out from the river, along which it was nearly impracticable to travel with animals, until it should form a valley. . . .

“We repeated our shouts for Mr. Preuss; and this time we were gratified with an answer. The voice grew rapidly nearer, ascending from the river; but when we expected to see him emerge, it ceased entirely. We had called up some straggling Indian—the first we had met, although for two days back we had seen tracks—who, mistaking us for his fellows, had been only undeceived on getting close up. Ignorant of the character of these people, we had now an additional cause of uneasiness in regard to Mr. Preuss; he had no arms with him, and we began to think his chance doubtful.

“We had among our few animals a horse which was so much reduced, that, with travelling, even the good grass could not save him; and, having nothing to eat, he was killed this afternoon. He was a good animal, and had made a journey round from Fort Hall. . . .

“The absence of Mr. Preuss gave me great concern;

and, for a large reward, Derosier volunteered to go back on the trail. I directed him to search along the river, travelling upward for the space of a day and a half, at which time I expected he would meet Mr. Fitzpatrick, whom I requested to aid in the search; at all events he was to go no further, but to return to this camp, where a *cache* of provisions was made for him.

“Towards evening we heard a weak shout among the hills behind, and had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Preuss descending towards the camp. Like ourselves, he had travelled to-day twenty-five miles, but had seen nothing of Derosier. Knowing, on the day he was lost, that I was determined to keep the river as much as possible, he had not thought it necessary to follow the trail very closely, but walked on, right and left, certain to find it somewhere along the river, searching places to obtain good views of the country. Towards sunset he climbed down towards the river to look for the camp; but, finding no trail, concluded that we were behind, and walked back until night came on, when, being very much fatigued, he collected drift-wood and made a large fire among the rocks. The next day it became more serious, and he encamped again alone, thinking that we must have taken some other course. To go back would have been madness in his weak and starved condition, and onward towards the valley was his only hope, always in expectation of reaching it soon. His principal means of subsistence were a few roots, which the hunters call sweet onions, having very little taste, but a good deal of nutriment, growing generally in rocky ground, and requiring a good deal of labor to get, as he had only a pocket-knife. Searching for these, he found a nest of big ants, which he let run on his hand, and stripped them off into his mouth; these had an agreeable acid taste. One of his greatest privations was the want of tobacco; and a pleasant smoke at evening would have been a relief which only a *voyageur* could appreciate. He tried the dried leaves of the live-oak, knowing that those of other oaks were sometimes used as a substitute; but these were too thick and would not do. On the 4th he made seven or eight miles, walking slowly along the river. Avoiding as much as possible to climb the hills. In little pools he

caught some of the smallest kind of frogs, which he swallowed, not so much in the gratification of hunger, as in the hope of obtaining some strength. Scattered along the river were old fire-places, where the Indians had roasted muscles and acorns; but though he searched diligently, he did not there succeed in finding either. He had collected fire-wood for the night, when he heard at some distance from the river the barking of what he thought were two dogs, and walked in that direction as quickly as he was able, hoping to find there some Indian hut, but met only two wolves; and, in his disappointment, the gloom of the forest was doubled.

"Travelling the next day feebly down the river, he found five or six Indians at the huts, of which we have spoken; some were painting themselves black, and others roasting acorns. Being only one man they did not run off, but received him kindly, and gave him a welcome supply of roasted acorns. He gave them his pocket-knife in return, and stretched out his hand to one of the Indians, who did not appear to comprehend the motion, but jumped back as if he thought he was about to lay hold of him. They seemed afraid of him, not certain as to what he was.

"Travelling on, he came to the place where we had found the squaws. Here he found our fire still burning, and the tracks of the horses. The sight gave him sudden hope and courage; and, following as fast as he could, joined us at evening.

"*March 6.*—We continued on our road, through the same surpassingly beautiful country, entirely unequalled for the pasturage of stock by any thing we had ever seen. In a few hours we reached a large fork, the northern branch of the river, and equal in size to that which we had descended. Together they formed a beautiful stream, sixty to one hundred yards wide; which at first, ignorant of the nature of the country through which that river ran, we took to be the Sacramento. . . .

"We made an acorn meal at noon, and hurried on; the valley being gay with flowers, and some of the banks being absolutely golden with the California poppy (*eschscholtzia crocea*). Here the grass was smooth and green, and the groves very open; the large oaks throwing a broad shade among sunny spots. Shortly after-

wards we gave a shout at the appearance on a little bluff of a neatly built *adobe* house with glass windows. We rode up, but, to our disappointment, found only Indians. There was no appearance of cultivation, and we could see no cattle, and we supposed the place had been abandoned. We now pressed on more eagerly than ever; the river swept round in a large bend to the right; the hills lowered down entirely; and, gradually entering a broad valley, we came unexpectedly into a large Indian village, where the people looked clean, and wore cotton shirts and various other articles of dress. They immediately crowded around us, and we had the inexpressible delight to find one who spoke a little indifferent Spanish, but who at first confounded us by saying there were no whites in the country; but just then a well-dressed Indian came up, and made his salutations in very well-spoken Spanish. In answer to our inquiries, he informed us that we were upon the *Rio de los Americanos* (the river of the Americans), and that it joined the Sacramento river about ten miles below! Never did a name sound more sweetly! We felt ourselves among our countrymen; for the name of American, in these distant parts, is applied to the citizens of the United States. To our eager inquiries he answered, 'I am a *vaquero* (cow-herd) in the service of Capt. Sutter, and the people of this *rancheria* work for him.' Our evident satisfaction made him communicative; and he went on to say that Capt. Sutter was a very rich man, and always glad to see his country people. We asked for his house. He answered that it was just over the hill before us; and offered, if we would wait a moment, to take his horse and conduct us to it. We readily accepted his civil offer. In a short distance we came in sight of the fort; and, passing on the way the house of a settler on the opposite side (a Mr. Sinclair), we forded the river; and in a few miles were met a short distance from the fort by Capt. Sutter himself. He gave us a most frank and cordial reception—conducted us immediately to his residence—and under his hospitable roof we had a night of rest, enjoyment, and refreshment, which none but ourselves could appreciate. . . .

“Mr. Fitzpatrick and his party, travelling more slowly,

had been able to make some little exertion at hunting, and had killed a few deer. The scanty supply was a great relief to them; for several had been made sick by the strange and unwholesome food which the preservation of life compelled them to use. We stopped and encamped as soon as we met; and a repast of good beef, excellent bread, and delicious salmon, which I had brought along, were their first relief from the sufferings of the Sierra, and their first introduction to the luxuries of the Sacramento. It required all our philosophy and forbearance to prevent plenty from becoming as hurtful to us now, as scarcity had been before."

On the 22d day of March, after a repose long needed, and their preparations being completed, the party commenced its homeward journey. Fremont, at their own request, discharged five of his men. Derosier, one of his best men, had previously wandered away from the camp, probably through a return of the mental derangements brought on by his recent sufferings. All attempts to find him were fruitless, and he was never heard of more, until after the lapse of about two years, he found his way into St. Louis. The homeward journey was fraught with adventure; but space will not permit us to follow the report. The expedition having reached its place of destination, there we must leave it; assuring the reader, at the same time, that if he has the leisure and inclination to peruse Col. Fremont's narrative in full, he will be more than remunerated for his labor.

---

## CHAPTER VI.

## THIRD EXPEDITION, AND ACQUISITION OF CALIFORNIA.

THE Government awoke at length from its Rip Van Winkle sleep. It really discovered the important services rendered to the country, and to the world, by the exploring discoveries of Fremont. It assumed a graceful and patronizing air; silently, and as if it were by right, assumed to itself the credit of having sanctioned, aided, and encouraged the venturesome toils of the great explorer; and, finally, by the advice of the United States Senate (John Tyler being then President), conferred upon Lieutenant Fremont a commission of Brevet Captain, in the corps of Topographical Engineers. This happened on the 29th day of January, 1845; before returning from his expedition, he was appointed Lieut. Col. of U. S. Rifles.

In the month of May following, he set out upon his ever-memorable third expedition. It was, we believe, the only expedition performed under the regular sanction and authority of the Government. The next two expeditions were undertaken and performed wholly at his own expense. Of these three last expeditions, no official report has yet appeared; but it is well understood, that he devotes all of his leisure moments to the arrangement of the materials necessary to a full, complete, and thorough report of all three, and that when so prepared, it will be placed in the hands of the printer without delay.

The ostensible purpose of the third expedition was a

geographical and scientific exploration in the great West. In January, 1846, Fremont and his party arrived upon the frontiers of California. Hostilities had not broken out between the United States and Mexico; but Texas had been incorporated; the preservation of peace was precarious, and Mr. Fremont was determined, by no act of his, to increase the difficulties, or to give any just cause of complaint to the Mexican government. His line of observation would lead him to the Pacific Ocean, through a Mexican province—through the desert parts first, and the settled part afterwards of the Alta California. Knowing that the relations between the United States and Mexico were in a delicate position, and that the authorities of the latter were very jealous of Americans, he took the precaution to leave his party, and go alone to Monterey; where, with the United States' consul, Mr. Larkin, he called upon the commanding general, Castro, and made known to him his peaceful commission; receiving express permission to winter in the valley of San Joachim, where was plenty of game, and no inhabitants to be disturbed. After recruiting his party, he proceeded onward, and, on the 3d of March, encamped within fifty miles of Monterey, where, to his surprise, he received a peremptory order from Castro to leave the country at once. But the interview with Castro, and the other high officers at headquarters, was so recent, and had been so friendly and cordial, that he could hardly believe that the appearances that had attracted his attention were meant against him. At length, however, on the 3d of March, when within about twenty-five miles of Monterey, he was met by an officer, who had a detachment of eighty dragoons in his rear to enforce his message, with a letter from Castro, ordering him, without any explanation, peremptorily, out of the country.

Fremont was in no mood to comply. He marched directly to the summit of a high hill, called Hawks Peak. From this position, by the aid of his spy-glass,

he could see the movements and preparations in camp of the enemy; his scaling of guns, and recruiting of Indians and Californians left no doubt of his aggressive intentions. On the 9th he received a letter from Consul Larkin, informing him of the preparations going on for his attack, to which he replied as follows:

“MY DEAR SIR:—I this moment received your letters, and, without waiting to read them, acknowledge the receipt, which the courier requires immediately. I am making myself as strong as possible, in the intention that if we are unjustly attacked, we will fight to extremity and refuse quarter, trusting to our country to avenge our death. No one has reached our camp, and, from the heights, we are able to see troops (with the glass) mustering at St. John’s, and preparing cannon. I thank you for your kindness and good wishes, and would write more at length as to my intentions did I not fear that my letter would be intercepted. We have, in nowise, done wrong to the people or the authorities of the country; and, if we are hemmed in and assaulted here, we will die, every man of us, under the flag of our country.

“Very truly yours,

“J. C. FREMONT.

“P. S. I am encamped on the top of the Sierra, at the head-waters of a stream which strikes the road to Monterey at the house of Don Joaquin Gomes.

“THOMAS O. LARKIN, Esq.,

“Consul for the United States at Monterey.”

His resolution once taken, Fremont hoisted the flag of the United States, and determined, with his sixty brave men, to defend himself to the last extremity—never surrendering; and dying, if need be, to the last man. The messenger who carried back Fremont’s answer to Larkin (which was that he and his party should defend themselves to the last man) added, from his own suggestion, that “two thousand men would not be able to drive Captain Fremont from his position.” A similar impression seems to have taken possession of Castro him-

self, for he did not venture to attack him; and, after three day's waiting, Captain Fremont left his little fort, and proceeded on his exploring expedition to Oregon. Castro followed afar off, but evidently did not dare to come up with him; and having picked up a few cast-away things left in the deserted log-fort, he returned to California, making a proclamation, full of falsehoods, declaring that he had driven away to Oregon this band of highway robbers!

“Turning his back on the Mexican possessions,” says Col. Benton, “and looking to Oregon as the field of his future labors, Mr. Fremont determined to explore a new route to the Wah-lah-math settlements and the tide-water region of the Columbia, through the wild and elevated region of the Tlamath lakes. A romantic interest attached to this region from the grandeur of its features, its lofty mountains, and snow-clad peaks, and from the formidable character of its warlike inhabitants. In the first week of May, he was at the north end of the Great Tlamath lake, and in Oregon—the lake being cut near its south end by the parallel of 42 degrees north latitude. On the 8th day of that month, a strange sight presented itself—almost a startling apparition—two men riding up, and penetrating a region which few ever approached without paying toll of life or blood. They proved to be two of Mr. Fremont's old *voyageurs*, and quickly told their story. They were part of a guard of six men conducting a United States officer, who was on his trail with dispatches from Washington, and whom they had left two days back, while they came on to give notice of his approach, and to ask that assistance might be sent him. They themselves had only escaped the Indians by the swiftness of their horses. It was a case in which no time was to be lost, or a mistake made. Mr. Fremont determined to go himself; and taking ten picked men, four of them Delaware Indians, he took down the western shore of the lake on the morning of the 9th (the direction the officer was to come), and made a ride of sixty miles without a halt. But to meet men, and not to miss them, was the difficult point in this trackless

region. It was not the case of a high road, where all travellers must meet in passing each other : at intervals there were places—defiles, or camping grounds—where both parties must pass ; and watching for these, he came to one in the afternoon, and decided that, if the party was not killed, it must be there that night. He halted and encamped ; and, as the sun was going down, had the inexpressible satisfaction to see the four men approaching. The officer proved to be a lieutenant of the United States marines, who had been dispatched from Washington the November previous, to make his way by Vera Cruz, the city of Mexico, and Mazatlan to Monterey, in Upper California, deliver dispatches to the United States consul there ; and then find Mr. Fremont, wherever he should be. His dispatches for Mr. Fremont were only a letter of introduction from the Secretary of State (Mr. Buchanan), and some letters and slips of newspapers from Senator Benton and his family, and some verbal communications from the Secretary of State. The verbal communications were, that Mr. Fremont should watch and counteract any foreign scheme on California, and conciliate the good will of the inhabitants towards the United States. Upon this intimation of the government's wishes, Mr. Fremont turned back from Oregon, in the edge of which he then was, and returned to California. The letter of introduction was in the common form, that it might tell nothing if it fell into the hands of foes, and signified nothing of itself ; but it accredited the bearer, and gave the stamp of authority to what he communicated ; and upon this Mr. Fremont acted : for it was not to be supposed that Lieutenant Gillespie had been sent so far, and through so many dangers, merely to deliver a common letter of introduction on the shores of the Tlamath lake.

“The events of some days on the shores of this wild lake, sketched with the brevity which the occasion requires, may give a glimpse of the hardships and dangers through which Mr. Fremont pursued science, and encountered and conquered perils and toils. The night he met Mr. Gillespie presented one of those scenes to which he was so often exposed, and which nothing but the highest degree of vigilance and courage could prevent

from being fatal. The camping ground was on the western side of the lake, the horses picketed with long halters on the shore, to feed on the grass; and the men (fourteen in number) sleeping by threes at different fires, disposed in a square—for danger required them so to sleep as to be ready for an attack; and, though in the month of May, the elevation of the place, and the proximity of snow-clad mountains, made the night intensely cold. His feelings joyfully excited by hearing from home (the first word of intelligence he had received since leaving the United States a year before), Mr. Fremont sat up by a large fire, reading his letters and papers, and watching himself over the safety of the camp, while the men slept. Towards midnight, he heard a movement among the horses, indicative of alarm and danger. Horses, and especially mules, become sensitive to danger under long travelling and camping in the wilderness, and manifest their alarm at the approach of any thing strange. Taking a six-barrelled pistol in his hand, first making sure of their ready fire, and, without waking the camp, he went down among the disturbed animals. The moon shone brightly: he could see well, but could discover nothing. Encouraged by his presence, the horses became quiet—poor dumb creatures that could see the danger, but not tell what they had seen; and he returned to the camp, supposing it was only some beast of the forest—a bear or wolf—prowling for food, that had disturbed them. He returned to the camp fire. Lieutenant Gillespie woke up, and talked with him awhile, and then lay down again. Finally nature had her course with Mr. Fremont himself. Excited spirits gave way to exhausted strength. The day's ride, and the night's excitement demanded the reparation of repose. He lay down to sleep, and without waking up a man to watch—relying on the loneliness of the place, and the long ride of the day, as a security against the proximity of danger. It was the second time in his twenty thousand miles of wilderness explorations that his camp had slept without a guard: the first was in his second expedition, and on an island in the Great Salt Lake, and when the surrounding water of the lake itself constituted a guard. The whole camp was then asleep. A cry from Carson

roused it. In his sleep he heard a groan: it was the groan of a man receiving the tomahawk in his brains. All sprang to their feet. The savages were in the camp: the hatchet and the winged arrow were at work. Basil Lajeunesse, a brave and faithful young Frenchman, the follower of Fremont, in all his expeditions, was dead; an Iowa was dead; a brave Delaware Indian, one of those who had accompanied Fremont from Missouri, was dying; it was his groan that awoke Carson. Another of the Delawares was a target for arrows, from which no rifle could save him—only avenge him. The savages had waited till the moon was in the trees, casting long shadows over the sleeping camp: then approaching from the dark side with their objects between themselves and the fading light, they used only the hatchet and the formidable bow, whose arrow went to its mark, without a flash or a sound to show whence it came. All advantages were on the side of the savages; but the camp was saved! the wounded protected from massacre, and the dead from mutilation. The men, springing to their feet, with their arms in their hands, fought with skill and courage. In the morning, Lieutenant Gillespie recognized, in the person of one of the slain assailants, the Tlamath chief who the morning before had given him a salmon, in token of friendship, and who had followed him all day to kill and rob his party at night—a design in which he would certainly have been successful had it not been from the promptitude and precision of Mr. Fremont's movement. Mr. Fremont himself would have been killed, when he went to the horses, had it not been that the savages counted upon the destruction of the whole camp, and feared to alarm it by killing one, before the general massacre.

"It was on the 9th of May—a day immortalized by American arms at Resaca de la Palma—that this fierce and bloody work was done in the far distant region of the Tlamath lakes.

"The morning of the 10th of May was one of gloom in the camp. The evening sun of the 9th had set upon it full of life and joy at a happy meeting: the same sun rose upon it the next morning, stained with blood, ghastly with the dead and wounded, and imposing

mournful duties on the survivors. The wounded were to be carried—the dead to be buried; and so buried as to be hid and secured from discovery and violation. They were carried ten miles, and every precaution taken to secure the remains from the wolf and the savage; for men, in these remote and solitary dangers, become brothers, and defend each other living and dead. The return route lay along the shore of the lake, and during the day the distant canoes of the savages could be seen upon it, evidently watching the progress of the party, and meditating a night attack upon it. All precautions, at the night encampment, were taken for security—horses and men inclosed in a breastwork of great trees, cut down for the purpose, and half the men constantly on the watch. At leaving in the morning, an ambuscade was planted—and two of the Tlamaths were killed by the men in ambush—a successful return of their own mode of warfare. At night the main camp, at the north end of the lake, was reached. It was strongly intrenched, and could not be attacked; but the whole neighborhood was infested, and scouts and patrols were necessary to protect every movement. In one of these excursions the Californian horse, so noted for spirit and docility, showed what he would do at the bid of his master. Carson's rifle had missed fire, at ten feet distance. The Tlamath long bow, arrow on the string, was bending to the pull. All the rifles in the party could not have saved him. A horse and his rider did it. Mr. Fremont touched his horse; he sprang upon the savage! and the hatchet of a Delaware completed the deliverance of Carson. It was a noble horse, an iron gray, with a most formidable name—*el Toro del Sacramento*; and which vindicated his title to the name in all the trials of travel, courage, and performance to which he was subjected. It was in the midst of such dangers as these, that science was pursued by Mr. Fremont; that the telescope was carried to read the heavens; the barometer to measure the elevations of the earth; the thermometer to gauge the temperature of the air; the pencil to sketch the grandeur of mountains, and to paint the beauty of flowers; the pen to write down whatever was new, or strange, or useful in the works of nature. It was in the

midst of such dangers, and such occupations as these, and in the wildest regions of the Farthest West, that Mr. Fremont was pursuing science and shunning war, when the arrival of Lieutenant Gillespie, and his communications from Washington, suddenly changed all his plans, turned him back from Oregon, and opened a new and splendid field of operations in California itself. He arrived in the valley of the Sacramento in the month of May, 1846, and found the country alarmingly and critically situated. Three great operations, fatal to American interests, were then going on, and without remedy, if not arrested at once. These were: 1. The massacre of the Americans, and the destruction of their settlements, in the valley of the Sacramento. 2. The subjection of California to British protection. 3. The transfer of the public domain to British subjects. And all this with a view to anticipate the events of a Mexican war, and to shelter California from the arms of the United States.

“The American settlers sent a deputation to the camp of Mr. Fremont, in the valley of the Sacramento, laid all these dangers before him, and implored him to place himself at their head and save them from destruction. General Castro was then in march upon them: the Indians were incited to attack their families, and burn their wheat-fields, and were only waiting for the dry season to apply the torch. Juntas were in session to transfer the country to Great Britain: the public domain was passing away in large grants to British subjects: a British fleet was expected on the coast: the British vice-consul, Forbes, and the emissary priest, Macnamara,\* ruling and conducting every thing; and all their plans so far advanced as to render the least delay fatal. It was then the beginning of June. War had broken out

\* Eugenio Macnamara, a Roman Catholic priest, memorialized the Mexican President, in the following words:

“I propose, with the aid and approbation of your Excellency, to place in Upper California a colony of Irish Catholics. I have a triple object in making this proposition. I wish, in the first place, to advance the cause of Catholicism. In the second, to contribute to the happiness of my countrymen. Thirdly, I desire to *put an obstacle in the way of further usurpations on the part of an irreligious and anti-Catholic nation.*”

between the United States and Mexico, but that was unknown in California. Mr. Fremont had left the two countries at peace when he set out upon his expedition, and was determined to do nothing to disturb their relations: he had even left California to avoid giving offence; and to return and take up arms in so short a time was apparently to discredit his own previous conduct as well as to implicate his government. He felt all the responsibilities of his position; but the actual approach of Castro, and the immediate danger of the settlers, left him no alternative. He determined to put himself at the head of the people, and to save the country. To repulse Castro was not sufficient; to overturn the Mexican government in California and to establish Californian Independence, was the bold resolve, and the only measure adequate to the emergency. That resolve was taken, and executed with a celerity that gave it a romantic success. The American settlers rushed to his camp—brought their arms, horses, and ammunition—were formed into a battalion; and obeyed with zeal and alacrity the orders they received. In thirty days all the northern part of California was freed from Mexican authority—Independence proclaimed—the flag of Independence raised—Castro flying to the south—the American settlers saved from destruction; and the British party in California counteracted and broken up in all their schemes.

“This movement for Independence was the salvation of California, and snatched it out of the hands of the British at the moment they were ready to clutch it. For two hundred years—from the time of the navigator Drake, who almost claimed it as a discovery, and placed the English name of New Albion upon it—the eye of England has been upon California; and the magnificent bay of San Francisco, the great seaport of the North Pacific Ocean, has been surveyed as her own. The approaching war between Mexico and the United States was the crisis in which she expected to realize the long-deferred wish for its acquisition; and carefully she took her measures accordingly. She sent two squadrons to the Pacific as soon as Texas was incorporated—well seeing the actual war which was to grow out of that event

—a small one into the mouth of the Columbia, an imposing one to Mazatlan, on the Mexican coast, to watch the United States squadron there, and to anticipate its movements upon California. Commodore Sloat commanding the squadron at Mazatlan, saw that he was watched, and pursued, by Admiral Seymour, who lay alongside of him, and he determined to deceive him. He stood out to sea, and was followed by the British Admiral. During the day he bore west, across the ocean, as if going to the Sandwich Islands: Admiral Seymour followed. In the night the American commodore tacked, and ran up the coast towards California: the British Admiral, not seeing the tack, continued on his course, and went entirely to the Sandwich Islands before he was undeceived. Commodore Sloat arrived before Monterey on the second of July, entering the port amicably, and offering to salute the town, which the authorities declined on the pretext that they had no powder to return it—in reality because they momentarily expected the British fleet. Commodore Sloat remained five days before the town, and until he heard of Fremont's operations: then believing that Fremont had orders from his government to take California, he having none himself, he determined to act himself. He received the news of Fremont's successes on the 6th day of July: on the 7th he took the town of Monterey, and sent a dispatch to Fremont. The latter came to him in all speed, at the head of his mounted force. Going immediately on board the commodore's vessel, an explanation took place. The commodore learnt with astonishment that Fremont had no orders from his government to commence hostilities—that he had acted entirely on his own responsibility. This left the commodore without authority for having taken Monterey; for still at this time the commencement of the war with Mexico was unknown. Uneasiness came upon the commodore. He remembered the fate of Captain Jones in making the mistake of seizing the town once before in time of peace. He resolved to return to the United States, which he did—turning over the command of the squadron to Commodore Stockton, who had arrived on the 15th. The next day (16th) Admiral Seymour arrived; his flag-ship

the Collingwood, of 80 guns, and his squadron the largest British fleet ever seen in the Pacific. To his astonishment he beheld the American flag flying over Monterey, the American squadron in its harbor, and Fremont's mounted riflemen encamped over the town. His mission was at an end. The prize had escaped him. He attempted nothing further, and Fremont and Stockton rapidly pressed the conquest of California to its conclusion. The subsequent military events can be traced by any history: they were the natural sequence of the great measure conceived and executed by Fremont before any squadron had arrived upon the coast, before he knew of any war with Mexico, and without any authority from his government, except the equivocal and enigmatical visit of Mr. Gillespie. Before the junction of Mr. Fremont with Commodore Sloat and Stockton, his operations had been carried on under the flag of Independence—the Bear Flag,\* as it was called—the device of the bear being adopted on account of the courageous qualities of that animal (the white bear), which never gives the road to men—which attacks any number—and fights to the last with increasing ferocity, with amazing strength of muscle, and with an incredible tenacity of the vital principle—never more formidable and dangerous than when mortally wounded. The Independents took the device of this bear for their flag, and established the independence of California under it; and in joining the United States forces, hauled down this flag, and hoisted the flag of the United States. And the fate of California would have been the same whether the United States squadrons had arrived, or not; and whether the Mexican war had happened, or not. California was in a revolutionary state, already divided from Mexico politically as it had always been geographically. The last governor-general from Mexico, Don Michel Toreno, had been resisted—fought—captured—and shipped back to Mexico, with his 300 cut-throat soldiers. An insurgent government was in operation, determined to be free of

\* "Capt. Fremont advised the Americans to raise the Bear Flag at Sonoma (for they had no right to that of the United States), and under it the great battle of Sacramento was fought, and all the country north of the Bay of San Francisco was conquered."—*Miss Peabody*.

Mexico, sensible of inability to stand alone, and looking, part to the United States, part to Great Britain, for the support which they needed. All the American settlers were for the United States protection, and joined Fremont. The leading Californians were also joining him. His conciliatory course drew them rapidly to him. The Picos, who were the leading men of the revolt (Don Pico, Don Andres, and Don Jesus), became his friends. California, become independent of Mexico by the revolt of the Picos, and independent of them by the revolt of the American settlers, had its destiny to fulfil—which was, to be handed over to the United States. So that its incorporation with the American Republic was equally sure in any and every event.”

By way of supplement to the foregoing eloquent exposition, we will quote a short extract from Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody’s valuable “Chronological History of the United States.” We make the quotation because it fills a chasm hardly touched above, and because it will serve as an introduction to the next chapter :

“But all was not done yet. An insurrection broke out in the south of California, soon after Major Fremont left Los Angeles, the enemy all at once realizing that, in point of numbers, ‘a little one had chased a multitude!’ Lieutenant Gillespie, with his very small garrison, was then obliged to retire to Monterey; and Major Fremont, instead of being able to go to San Francisco on the 24th of October, as Commodore Stockton ordered him to do, to be installed governor, went into the valley of the Sacramento to enlist an army to suppress the insurrection. At this moment General Kearney arrived. This officer, on the breaking out of the Mexican war, had been ordered by the government to leave Fort Leavenworth, where he was stationed, and go and conquer New Mexico; then to proceed to California, conquer it, organize a government for it, and himself take the office of governor. He had bravely executed the first part of these instructions, and was proceeding to California, when he met the celebrated trapper, Kit Carson, with the dispatches from Commodore Stockton to

government, announcing the conquest of California. He sent on his dispatches by another person, and retained Carson as guide, on account of his experience in the Indian country. It was not until after the insurrection had broken out that he arrived in California, when he encountered the enemy, flushed with their first success of driving Lieutenant Gillespie from Los Angeles to Monterey. He had a battle with them at San Pasqual, in which eighteen of his men fell, and as many more were wounded. He then wrote to Commodore Stockton, that he was intrenched on a rocky eminence near San Pasqual, surrounded by the enemy. Stockton sent Lieutenant Gray, with two hundred and fifty men, to his relief; and, on their approach, the besiegers abandoned the field, and left the relief party to return, unmolested, with General Kearney and his dragoons. General Kearney then communicated to Commodore Stockton his instructions from the government; but Commodore Stockton did not feel himself compelled to give up the chief command, especially as the spirit of the instructions seemed to be, that the conqueror of California should be its governor. General Kearney did not insist, but placed himself under Stockton's command, and his dragoons helped to make up his force of six hundred men, who joined Fremont and entered Los Angeles, after the victory of San Gabriel, and a still more remarkable one, on the plains of Meza, where the Americans, drawn up in a small square, phalanx-like, conquered the Spanish Californians, whose onset, however, with the finest cavalry in the world, was very brilliant.

“With a small body of men, Major Fremont afterwards embarked, according to Commodore Stockton's orders, for Santa Barbara; but on his way, hearing that in all South California only San Diego was left in the hands of the Americans, and that no horses could be procured there, he returned to Monterey, to mount his men and march overland. He arrived October 27th, and was agreeably surprised to learn that the President had appointed him Lieutenant-colonel in the United States Army. It was unsolicited by him, or by any of his friends; and it sanctioned all that he had done from the first. (He had done it with so little assurance of be-

ing approved by government—though he hoped that his country would bear him out—that he had sent to Col. Benton, with the account of what he had done, a resignation of his commission to be given in, if the government had disapproved.)

“In December, Col. Fremont, at the head of four hundred mounted men, commenced his march southwards, and on his way surprised and took possession of San Louis Obispo, where he found Don Jesus Pico, who had been made prisoner on the plains of Salinas, but had broken his parole, and was at the head of the insurrection! He was tried by a court-martial, and condemned to death; but was pardoned by Col. Fremont—a wise act, by which he was attached to the latter forever after, in faithful service; and the hearts of his friends, among whom was the governor, Pico, were won. Col. Fremont ‘being satisfied,’ as he wrote to Senator Benton, in another private letter, ‘that it was a great national measure to unite California to the Union, *as a sister state*, by a voluntary expression of the popular will,’ proceeded with great wisdom and forbearance, and marched all the way to Los Angeles, four hundred miles, without spilling a drop of blood, but ‘conquering a peace,’ by clemency and justice. At Couenga he found the enemy in large force, and sent word to them to lay down their arms. They demanded a conference. In company with his new friend, Don Jesus Pico, he went to their camp alone, and found them ready to capitulate. Terms were agreed upon, that were subsequently sanctioned by Commodore Stockton; and later, by the United States. Ample testimony proves the popularity of Col. Fremont among the native, as well as American Californians from this moment.

“But the dispute concerning the chief command, between General Kearney and Commodore Stockton, produced difficulties. The day after Colonel Fremont was installed Governor, General Kearney and Commodore Stockton gave to him exactly contradictory orders respecting the organization of California corps. It was an attempt on the part of General Kearney, to try the question of relative power with Commodore Stockton, and does not seem to have originated in any ill-will to Col.

Fremont; General Kearney expressing to Col. Russell, at the same date, that he should make Col. Fremont governor, if he had the chief command.

“Colonel Fremont replied to his order in writing, that if he and Commodore Stockton would agree between themselves which was the commander-in-chief, he would obey the superior officer; but until that matter was settled, which he had no power to decide, he felt himself obliged to continue to obey the commander under whom the whole war had been conducted.

“Failing to obtain from Colonel Fremont aid in his plan of putting Commodore Stockton in the wrong, Kearney transferred his resentment to Colonel Fremont. But this did not clearly appear until after Colonel Fremont had returned, in company with him, to Fort Leavenworth, when he ordered him to be arrested, and charged him with mutiny, disobedience to orders, and irregular conduct!”

---

## CHAPTER VII.

### FREMONT TRIED BY COURT-MARTIAL.

“COLUMBUS, the discoverer of the New World, was carried home in chains from the theatre of his discoveries, to expiate the crime of his glory: Fremont, the explorer of California, and its preserver to the United States, was brought home a prisoner to be tried for an offence, of which the penalty was death, *to expiate the offence of having entered the army without passing through the gate of the Military Academy.*” The syllogism, as well as the scorching sarcasm with which he closes it, are in every respect worthy the genius of the venerable author of *The Thirty Years' View*. Fremont, when Gen. Kearney was upon his death-bed, pardoned him for the injuries which he had received at his hands; and it

is not our intention to lacerate anew the wound thus generously healed. Yet, regard for historical truth compels us to record as our opinion, that Kearney acted, in this instance, with a more studied cunning and malignity, than was conformable with the former history of his life. Having resolved to be revenged upon Fremont—one can hardly see for what—he returned home, and the latter accompanied him, but was ordered to follow in his rear; but upon reaching Missouri he was placed under arrest, and soon after tried by court-martial, assembled at the Washington Arsenal, in the District of Columbia. The remainder of the narrative we will leave with the happy and facile pen of Mr. Benton :

“The governor of the State of Missouri, Austin A. King, Esq., sitting at the end of a long gallery at Fort Leavenworth, in the summer of 1846, where he had gone to see a son depart as volunteer in Gen. Kearney’s Expedition to New Mexico, heard a person at the other end of the gallery speaking of Fremont in a way that attracted his attention. The speaker was in the uniform of a United States officer, and his remarks were highly injurious to Fremont. He inquired the name of the speaker, and was told it was Lieut. Emory, of the Topographical Corps; and he afterwards wrote to a friend in Washington that Fremont was to have trouble when he got among the officers of the regular army. And trouble he did have; for he had committed the offence for which, in the eyes of many of these officers, there was no expiation except in ignominious expulsion from the army. He had not only entered the army intrusively, according to their ideas, that is to say, without passing through West Point, but he had done worse—he had become distinguished. Instead of seeking easy service about towns and villages, he had gone off into the depths of the wilderness, to extend the boundaries of science in the midst of perils and sufferings, and to gain for himself a name which became known throughout the world. He was brought home to be tried for the crime of mutiny, expanded into many specifications, of which one is enough to show the monstrosity of the whole. At page 11 of the printed record

of the trial, under the head of 'Mutiny,' stands this specification, numbered 6 :

“ ‘ In this, that he, Lieutenant-colonel John C. Fremont, of the regiment of mounted riflemen, United States army, did, at Ciudad de los Angeles, on the second of March, 1847, in contempt of the lawful authority of his superior officer, Brigadier-general Kearney, assume to be and act as governor of California, in executing a deed or instrument of writing in the following words, to wit: “ *In consideration of Francis Temple having conveyed to the United States a certain island, commonly called White, or Bird Island, situated near the mouth of San Francisco Bay, I, John C. Fremont, Governor of California, and in virtue of my office as aforesaid, hereby oblige myself as the legal representative of the United States, and my successors in office, to pay the said Francis Temple, his heirs or assigns, the sum of \$5,000, to be paid at as early a day as possible after the receipt of funds from the United States. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the Territory of California to be affixed, at Ciudad de los Angeles, the capital of California, this 2d day of March, A. D. 1847.—John C. Fremont.*” ’ ”

“ And of this specification, as well as of all the rest, two dozen in number, Fremont was duly found guilty by a majority of the court. Now this case of mutiny consisted in this: That there being an island of solid rock, of some hundred acres extent, in the mouth of the San Francisco bay, formed by nature to command the bay, and on which the United States are now constructing forts and a lighthouse to cost millions, which island had been granted to a British subject, and was about to be sold to a French subject, Colonel Fremont bought it for the United States, subject to their ratification in paying the purchase money ; all which appears upon the face of the papers. Upon this transaction (as upon all the other specifications) the majority of the court found the accused guilty of ‘ mutiny,’ the appropriate punishment for which is death ; but the sentence was moderated down to dismissal from the service. The President disapproved the absurd findings (seven of them) under the mutiny charge, but approved the finding and sentence

on inferior charges; and offered a pardon to Fremont, which he scornfully refused. Since then the government has taken possession of that island by military force, without paying any thing for it; Fremont having taken the purchase on his own account since his conviction for 'mutiny' in having purchased it for the government—a conviction about equal to what it would have been on a specification for witchcraft, heresy, or 'flat burglary.' And now annual appropriations are made for forts and the lighthouse upon it, under the name of Alcatraz, or Los Alcatrazes—that is to say, Pelican Island; so called from being the resort of those sea birds.

"Justice to the dead requires it to be told that these charges so preposterously wicked, were not the work of General Kearney, but had been altered from his. At page 64 of the printed record, and not in answer to any question on that point, but simply to place himself right before the court and the country, General Kearney swore in these words, and signed them: '*The charges upon which Col. Fremont is now arraigned, are not my charges. I preferred a single charge against Lieutenant-colonel Fremont. These charges, upon which he is now arraigned, have been changed from mine.*' The change was from one charge to three, and from one or a few specifications to two dozen—whereof this island purchase is a characteristic specimen. No person has ever acknowledged the authorship of the change, but the caption to the charges (page 4 of the record) declares them to have been preferred by order of the War Department. The caption runs thus: '*Charges against Lieutenant-colonel Fremont, of the regiment of mounted riflemen, United States army, preferred against him by order of the War Department, on information of Brigadier-general Kearney.*' The War Department, at that time, was William L. Marcy, Esq.; in consequence of which Senator Benton, chairman for twenty years of the Senate's committee on Military Affairs, refused to remain any longer at the head of that committee, because he would not hold a place which would put him in communication with that Department.

"The gravamen of the charge was, that Fremont had mutinied because Kearney would not appoint him gov-

error of California; and the answer to that was, that Commodore Stockton, acting under full authority from the President, had already appointed him to that place before Kearney left Santa Fé for New Mexico: and the proof was ample, clear, and pointed to that effect: but more has since been found, and of a kind to be noticed by a court of West Point officers, as it comes from graduates of the institution. It so happens that two of General Kearney's officers (Captain Johnston, of the First Dragoons, and Lieutenant Emory, of the Topographical Corps) both kept journals of the expedition, which have since been published, and that both these journals contain the same proof—one by a plain and natural statement—the other by an unnatural suppression which betrays the same knowledge. The journal of Captain Johnston, of the first dragoons, under the date of October 6th, 1846, contains this entry:

“ ‘Marched at 9, after having great trouble in getting some ox-carts from the Mexicans: after marching about three miles we met Kit Carson, direct on express from California, with a mail of public letters for Washington. He informs us that Colonel Fremont is probably civil and military governor of California, and that about forty days since, Commodore Stockton with the naval forces, and Colonel Fremont, acting in concert, commenced to revolutionize that country, and place it under the American flag: that in about ten days this was done, and Carson having received the rank of lieutenant, was dispatched across the country by the Gila, with a party to carry the mail. The general told him that he had just passed over the country which we were to traverse, and he wanted him to go back with him as a guide: he replied that he had pledged himself to go to Washington, and he could not think of not fulfilling his promise. The general told him he would relieve him of all responsibility, and place the mail in the hands of a safe person to carry it on. He finally consented, and turned his face towards the West again, just as he was on the eve of entering the settlements, after his arduous trip, and when he had set his hopes on seeing his family. It requires a brave man to give up his private feelings thus

for the public good ; but Carson is one : much honor to his name for it.'

"This is a natural and straightforward account of this meeting with Carson, and of the information he gave, that California was conquered by Stockton and Fremont, and the latter governor of it ; and the journal goes on to show that, in consequence of this information, General Kearney turned back the body of his command, and went on with an escort only of one hundred dragoons. Lieutenant Emory's journal of the same date opens in the same way, with the same account of the difficulty of getting some teams from the Mexicans, and then branches off into a dissertation upon peonage, and winds up the day with saying, '*Came into camp late, and found Carson with an express from California, bearing intelligence that the country had surrendered without a blow, and that the American flag floated in every part.*' This is a lame account, not telling to whom the country had surrendered, eschewing all mention of Stockton and Fremont, and that governorship which afterwards became the point in the court-martial trial. The next day's journal opens with Carson's news, equally lame at the same point, and redundant in telling something in New Mexico, under date of October 7th, 1846, which took place the next year in old Mexico, thus : '*Yesterday's news caused some changes in our camp : one hundred dragoons, officered, &c., formed the party for California. Major Sumner, with the dragoons, was ordered to retrace his steps.*' Here the news brought by Carson is again referred to, and the consequence of receiving it is stated ; but still no mention of Fremont and Stockton, and that governorship, the question of which became the whole point in the next year's trial for mutiny. But the lack of knowledge of what took place in his presence is more than balanced by a foresight into what took place afterwards and far from him—exhibited thus in the journal : '*Many friends here parted that were never to meet again : some fell in California, some in New Mexico, and some at Cerro Gordo.*' Now, no United States troops fell in New Mexico until after Lieutenant Emory left there, nor in California until he got there, nor at Cerro Gordo

until April of the next year, when he was in California, and could not know it until after Fremont was fixed upon to be arrested for that mutiny of which the governorship was the point. It stands to reason, then, that this part of the journal was altered nearly a year after it purports to have been written, and after the arrest of Fremont had been resolved upon; and so, while absolutely proving an alteration of the journal, explains the omission of all mention, of all reference to the governorship, the ignoring of which was absolutely essential to the institution of the charge of mutiny. Long afterwards, and without knowing a word of what Captain Johnston had written, or Lieutenant Emory had suppressed, Carson gave his own statement of that meeting with General Kearney, the identity of which, with the statement of Captain Johnston, is the identity of truth with itself. Thus:

“I met General Kearney, with his troops, on the 6th of October, about — miles below Santa Fé. I had heard of their coming, and when I met them, the first thing I told them was that they were “too late”—that California was conquered, and the United States flag raised in all parts of the country. But General Kearney said he would go on, and said something about going to establish a civil government. I told him a civil government was already established, and Colonel Fremont appointed governor, to commence as soon as he returned from the north, some time in that very month (October). General Kearney said that made no difference—that he was a friend of Colonel Fremont, and he would make him governor himself. He began from the first to insist on my turning back to guide him into California. I told him I could not turn back—that I had pledged myself to Commodore Stockton and Colonel Fremont to take their dispatches through to Washington City, and to return with dispatches as far as New Mexico, where my family lived, and to carry them all the way back if I did not find some one at Santa Fé that I could trust as well as I could myself—that I had promised them I would reach Washington in sixty days, and that they should have return dispatches from the government in 120 days. I had performed so much of the journey in

the appointed time, and in doing so had already worn out and killed thirty-four mules—that Stockton and Fremont had given me letters of credit to persons on the way to furnish me with all the animals I needed, and all the supplies to make the trip to Washington and back in 120 days; and that I was pledged to them, and could not disappoint them; and besides, that I was under more obligations to Colonel Fremont than to any other man alive. General Kearney would not hear of any such thing as my going on. He told me he was a friend to Colonel Fremont and Colonel Benton, and all the family, and would send on the dispatches by Mr. Fitzpatrick, who had been with Colonel Fremont in his exploring party, and was a good friend to him, and would take the dispatches through, and bring back dispatches as quick as I could. When he could not persuade me to turn back, he then told me that he had a right to make me go with him, and insisted on his right; and I did not consent to turn back till he had made me believe that he had a right to order me; and then, as Mr. Fitzpatrick was going on with the dispatches, and General Kearney seemed to be such a good friend of the colonel's, I let him take me back; and I guided him through, but went with great hesitation, and had prepared every thing to escape the night before they started, and made known my intention to Maxwell, who urged me not to do so. More than twenty times on the road, General Kearney told me about his being a friend of Colonel Benton and Colonel Fremont, and all their family, and that he intended to make Colonel Fremont the governor of California; and all this of his own accord, as we were travelling along, or in camp, and without my saying a word to him about it. I say, more than twenty times, for I cannot remember how many times, it was such a common thing for him to talk about it.'

"Such was the statement of Mr. Carson, made to Senator Benton; and who, although rejected for a lieutenancy in the United States army because he did not enter it through the gate of the military academy, is a man whose word will stand wherever he is known, and who is at the head, as a guide, of the principal military successes in New Mexico. But why back his word?

The very dispatches he was carrying conveyed to the government the same information that he gave to General Kearney, to wit, that California was conquered and Fremont to be governor. That information was communicated to Congress by the President, and also sworn to by Commodore Stockton before the court-martial; but without any effect upon the majority of the members.

“Colonel Fremont was found guilty of all the charges, and all the specifications; and in the secrecy which hides the proceedings of courts-martial, it cannot be told how, or whether the members divided in their opinions; but circumstances always leak out to authorize the formation of an opinion, and according to these leakings, on this occasion four members of the court were against the conviction: to wit, Brigadier-general Brooke, President; Lieutenant-colonel Hunt; Lieutenant-colonel Taylor, brother of the afterwards President; and Major Baker, of the Ordnance. The proceedings required to be approved, or disapproved, by the President; and he, although no military man, was a rational man, and common reason told him there was no mutiny in the case. He therefore disapproved that finding, and approved the rest, saying:

“‘Upon an inspection of the record, I am not satisfied that the facts proved in this case constitute the military crime of ‘mutiny.’ I am of opinion that the second and third charges are sustained by the proof, and that the conviction upon these charges warrants the sentence of the court. The sentence of the court is therefore approved; but, in consideration of the peculiar circumstances of the case, of the previous meritorious and valuable services of Lieutenant-colonel Fremont, and of the foregoing recommendations of a majority of the members of the court, the penalty of dismissal from the service is remitted.

“‘Lieutenant-colonel Fremont will accordingly be released from arrest, will resume his sword, and report for duty.

“‘JAMES K. POLK.’

“Upon receiving notice of the result of the trial, Colonel

Fremont addressed the following letter to the Adjutant-general :

“ ‘ WASHINGTON CITY, C STREET, }  
 “ ‘ *February* 19, 1848. }

“ ‘ SIR :—I have this moment received the General Order, No. 7 (dated the 17th instant), making known to me the final decision in the proceedings of the general court-martial, before which I have been tried ; and hereby send in my resignation of lieutenant-colonel in the army of the United States.

“ ‘ In doing this, I take occasion to say that my reason for resigning is, that I do not feel conscious of having done any thing to merit the finding of the court ; and, this being the case, I cannot, by accepting the clemency of the President, admit the justice of the decision against me.

“ ‘ Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“ ‘ J. C. FREMONT.’

“ General Kearney had two misfortunes in this court-martial affair : he had to appear as a prosecutor of charges which he swore before the court were not his ; and he had been attended by West Point officers, envious and jealous of Fremont, and the clandestine sources of poisonous publications against him, which inflamed animosities, and left the heats which they engendered upon the head of General Kearney. Major Cooke and Lieutenant Emory were the chief springs of these publications, and as such were questioned before the court, but shielded from open detection by the secret decisions of the majority of the members.

“ The secret proceedings of courts-martial are out of harmony with the progress of the age. Such proceedings should be as open and public as any other, and all parties left to the responsibility which publicity involves.”

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

### FOURTH EXPEDITION.

MR. FREMONT had passed through one of those ordeals which try patriotic souls. In a Republican nation, to be arraigned upon a charge that involves life, and *honor* (far dearer to Fremont than life), because he had not passed through an aristocratic military school, was one of those cruel persecutions, which authority places, almost, beyond endurance. But courts-martial, in the United States, do not constitute the public; and in favor of Fremont, public sentiment was strong, decided, and universal. Yet he had suffered. No sooner did his aged and respected mother—and she was nearly related to General Washington—hear of the dangers that beset her son, than she became hopelessly ill. Fremont, hearing of this, hastened to her side, and arrived only in time to pay her remains the last tribute of filial love, honor, and respect; for she expired one day previously to his arrival. The people of his native city of Charleston, among whom he now was, not concurring in the verdict of the court-martial that so basely condemned him, honored him by a public ovation; passed resolutions expressive of their appreciation of his great public services; and presented him with a beautifully and richly gold and silver mounted sword, bearing various devices, illustrating the arms of the Palmetto State, and of his own many glorious achievements; to all of which was added the following inscription:

PRESENTED  
By the Citizens of Charleston  
To LIEUTENANT-COLONEL  
JOHN CHARLES FREMONT.  
A memorial of their high appreciation  
Of the gallantry and science  
He has displayed in his  
Services in Oregon and California.

To this sword was appropriately appended an elegant and costly gold-mounted belt, having the present arms of the State on its clasp, presented by the LADIES OF CHARLESTON.

It was to Fremont a source of great joy to find himself, after having passed through the ordeal of persecution, thus enthroned in the hearts of the people; and it may readily be conceived that such demonstrations of profound esteem, coming spontaneously and unsolicited from an enlightened and intelligent public, was extremely confounding to his enemies. But this was not all. On the 1st of February, and next day after the conclusion of the court-martial, the Military Committee of the Senate commenced an investigation relative to California claims on the General Government. This body was composed of Messrs. Cass, Benton, Crittenden, Dix, Rusk, and Davis. In every stage of its proceedings, the highest and most unqualified appreciation of Fremont's important national services was displayed. Thousands of extra copies of his maps and reports were ordered to be printed for public distribution; and JAMES BUCHANAN, then Secretary of State, stated in his official capacity that Fremont "was entitled to the highest consideration, from his *well-known ability and superior means of information.*"

On the 19th of October, 1848, he started upon his fourth expedition. This enterprise was mainly undertaken at his own private cost. Several, indeed, of the

liberal citizens of St. Louis—where he has always been held in the most deferential esteem, and where, upon more than one occasion, in his absence, public deputations waited upon his lady to assure her of their solicitude for his welfare, and of their deep interest in his success—among whom may be named Colonel Robert Campbell, Thornton Grimsley, O. D. Filley, and Dr. George Engleman—presented him with a considerable part of his camp equipage.

Of this expedition there is no full report yet in print. Many of his letters to his wife, and to her father, Col. Benton, written during that long, arduous, and perilous exploration, might be here quoted ; but we believe that the following chapter, relative to it, which we will take the liberty of extracting from *The Thirty Years' View*, presents the fullest account of it ever before published :

“ No sooner freed from the army, than Fremont set out upon a fourth expedition to the western slope of our continent, now entirely at his own expense, and to be conducted during the winter, and upon a new line of exploration. His views were practical as well as scientific, and tending to the establishment of a railroad to the Pacific, as well as the enlargement of geographical knowledge. He took the winter for his time, as that was the season in which to see all the disadvantages of his route ; and the head of the Rio Grande del Norte for his line, as it was the line of the centre, and one not yet explored, and always embraced in his plan of discovery. The mountain men had informed him that there was a good pass at the head of the Del Norte. Besides other dangers and hardships, he had the war ground of the Utahs, Apaches, Navahoes, and other formidable tribes to pass through, then all engaged in hostilities with the United States, and ready to prey upon any party of whites ; but 33 of his old companions, 120 picked mules, fine rifles—experience, vigilance, and courage—were his reliance ; and a trusted security against all evil. Arrived at the *Pueblos* on the Upper Arkansas, the last of November, at the base of the first sierra to be crossed, luminous with snow

and stern in their dominating look, he dismounted his whole company, took to their feet, and wading waist-deep in the vast unbroken snow-field, arrived on the other side in the beautiful valley of San Luis; but still on the eastern side of the great mountain chain which divided the waters which ran east and west to the rising and the setting sun. At the head of that valley was the pass, described to him by the old hunters. With his glasses he could see the depression in the mountain which marked its place. He had taken a local guide from the Pueblo San Carlos to lead him to that pass. But this precaution for safety was the passport to disaster. He was behind, with his faithful draughtsman, Preuss, when he saw his guide leading off the company towards a mass of mountains to the left: he rode up and stopped them, remonstrated with the guide for two hours; and then yielded to his positive assertion that the pass was there. The company entered a tortuous gorge, following a valley through which ran a head stream of the great river Del Norte. Finally they came to where the ascent was to begin, and the summit range crossed. The snow was deep, the cold intense, the acclivity steep, and the huge rocks projecting. The ascent was commenced in the morning, struggled with during the day, an elevation reached at which vegetation (wood) ceased, and the summit in view, when, buried in snow, exhausted with fatigue, freezing with cold, and incapable of further exertion, the order was given to fall back to the line of vegetation where wood would afford fire and shelter for the night. With great care the animals were saved from freezing, and at the first dawn of day, the camp, after a daybreak breakfast, were in motion for the ascent. Precautions had been taken to make it more practicable. Mauls, prepared during the night, were carried by the foremost division to beat down a road in the snow. Men went forward by relieves. Mules and baggage followed in long single file in the track made in the snow. The mountain was scaled: the region of perpetual congelation was entered. It was the winter solstice, and at a place where the summer solstice brought no life to vegetation—no thaw to congelation. The summit of the sierra was bare of every thing but snow, ice, and rocks.

It was no place to halt. Pushing down the side of the mountain to reach the woods three miles distant, a new and awful danger presented itself; a snow-storm raging, the freezing winds beating upon the exposed caravan, the snow become too deep for the mules to move in, and the cold beyond the endurance of animal life. The one hundred and twenty mules, huddling together from an instinct of self-preservation from each other's heat and shelter, froze stiff as they stood, and fell over like blocks, to become hillocks of snow. Leaving all behind, and the men's lives only to be saved, the discomfited and freezing party scrambled back, recrossing the summit, and finding under the lee of the mountain some shelter from the driving storm, and in the wood that was reached the means of making fires.

"The men's lives were now saved, but destitute of every thing, only a remnant of provisions, and not even the resource of the dead mules which were on the other side of the summit; and the distance computed at ten days of their travel to the nearest New Mexican settlement. The guide, and three picked men, were dispatched thither for some supplies, and twenty days fixed for their return. When they had been gone sixteen days, Fremont, preyed upon by anxiety and misgiving, set off after them, on foot, snow to the waist, blankets, and some morsels of food on the back; the brave Godey, his draughtsman Preuss, and a faithful servant, his only company. When out six days, he came upon the camp of his guide, stationary and apparently without plan or object, and the men haggard, wild, and emaciated. Not seeing King, the principal one of the company, and on whom he relied, he asked for him. They pointed to an older camp, a little way off. Going there he found the man dead, and partly devoured. He had died of exhaustion, of fatigue, and his comrades fed upon him. Gathering up these three survivors, Fremont resumed his journey, and had not gone far before he fell on signs of Indians—two lodges, implying fifteen or twenty men, and some forty or fifty horses—all recently passed along. At another time this would have been an alarm, one of his fears being that of falling in with a war party. He knew not what Indians they were, but all were hostile in that quarter, and eva-

sion the only security against them. To avoid their course was his obvious resource ; on the contrary, he followed it ! for such was the desperation of his situation that even a change of danger had an attraction. Pursuing the trail down the Del Norte, then frozen solid over, and near the place where Pike encamped in the winter of 1807-'8, they saw an Indian behind his party, stopped to get water from an air-hole. He was cautiously approached, circumvented, and taken. Fremont told his name ; the young man, for he was quite young, started, and asked him if he was the Fremont that had exchanged presents with the chief of the Utahs at Las Vegas de Santa Clara three years before ? He was answered, yes. Then, said the young man, we are friends : that chief was my father, and I remember you. The incident was romantic, but it did not stop there. Though on a war-inroad upon the frontiers of New Mexico, the young chief became his guide, let him have four horses, conducted him to the neighborhood of the settlements, and then took his leave, to resume his scheme of depredation upon the frontier.

“Fremont's party reached Taos, was sheltered in the house of his old friend Carson—obtained the supplies needed—sent them back by the brave Godey, who was in time to save two-thirds of the party, finding the other third dead along the road, scattered at intervals as each had sunk exhausted and frozen, or half burnt in the fire which had been kindled for them to die by. The survivors were brought in by Godey, some crippled with frozen feet. Fremont found himself in a situation which tries the soul—which makes the issue between despair and heroism—and leaves no alternative but to sink under fate, or to rise above it. His whole outfit was gone : his valiant mountain men were one-third dead, many crippled : he was penniless and in a strange place. He resolved to go forward—*nulla vestigia retrorsum* : to raise another outfit, and turn the mountains by the Gila. In a few days it was all done—men, horses, arms, provisions—all acquired ; and the expedition resumed. But it was no longer the tried band of mountain men on whose vigilance, skill, and courage he could rely to make their way through hostile tribes. They were new men,

and to avoid danger, not to overcome it, was his resource. The Navahoes and Apaches had to be passed, and eluded—a thing difficult to be done, as his party of thirty men and double as many horses would make a trail, easy to be followed in the snow, though not deep. He took an unfrequented course, and relied upon the secrecy and celerity of his movements. The fourth night on the dangerous ground, the horses, picketed without the camp, gave signs of alarm: they were brought within the square of fires, and the men put on the alert. Daybreak came without visible danger. The camp moved off: a man lagged a little behind, contrary to injunctions: the crack of some rifles sent him running up. It was then clear that they were discovered, and a party hovering round them. Two Indians were seen ahead; they might be a decoy, or a watch, to keep the party in view until the neighboring warriors could come in. Evasion was no longer possible; fighting was out of the question, for the whole hostile country was ahead, and narrow defiles to be passed in the mountains. All depended upon the address of the commander. Relying upon his ascendant over the savage mind, Fremont took his interpreter, and went to the two Indians. Godey said he should not go alone, and followed. Approaching them, a deep ravine was seen between. The Indians beckoned him to go round by the head of the ravine, evidently to place that obstacle between him and his men. Symptoms of fear or distrust would mar his scheme: so he went boldly round, accosted them confidently, and told his name. They had never heard it. He told them they ought to be ashamed, not to know their best friend; inquired for their tribe, which he wished to see: and took the whole air of confidence and friendship. He saw they were staggered. He then invited them to go to his camp where the men had halted, and take breakfast with him. They said that might be dangerous—that they had shot at one of his men that morning, and might have killed him, and now be punished for it. He ridiculed the idea of their hurting his men, charmed them into the camp, where they ate, and smoked, and told their secret, and became messengers to lead their tribe in one direction, while Fremont and his men escaped by another; and

the whole expedition went through without loss, and without molestation. A subsequent winter expedition completed the design of this one, so disastrously frustrated by the mistake of a guide. Fremont went out again upon his own expense—went to the spot where the guide had gone astray—followed the course described by the mountain men—and found safe and easy passes all the way to California, through a good country, and upon the straight line of 38 and 39 degrees. It is the route for the Central Pacific Railroad, which the structure of the country invites, and every national consideration demands.”

---

## CHAPTER IX.

### SENATORIAL LIFE—FIFTH EXPEDITION—NOMINATION FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

CASTRO was defeated, British machinations circumvented, California conquered, and our national flag floating in supreme peace and power over the new El Dorado of the Pacific Ocean, when, on the 9th day of September, 1850, that State was admitted into the Union. The day following, the Senators elect, John C. Fremont and William M. Gwin, took their seats in the United States Senate. The former was introduced to that venerable body by Mr. Barnwell of South Carolina. He was regarded with astonishment and surprise, not unmingled with admiration and profound respect, by all present; for there before the representatives of the youngest, freest, most powerful, and independent empire upon the globe, stood a man, young indeed in years, but of large mental capacities, great acquirements, and wonderful experience—a man representing a State which he had himself,

almost, subdued—a man who had accomplished national services that seemed to border on the fabulous, and whose startling adventures, eminent perils, and unequalled sufferings, had an air of romance that would not have been deemed unworthy the creative powers of Arabian imagination; yet, in manners, modest, diffident, unassuming, and retiring—but bearing legibly stamped upon his brow, the attributes of an inflexible character, of a firm mind under difficulties, and of a power of endurance and self-reliance, that would have done honor to any other hero, ancient or modern. He might, indeed, have been ignorant of much that individuals in that assembly were well acquainted with; but to this ignorance he could readily confess, since he was endowed by genius, external nature, and dearly acquired experience, with a fund of wisdom, knowledge, and information, rarely united in any one man! He was thoroughly acquainted with the laws of ancient Greece and Rome—had partaken of their philosophic and poetic banquets and refectations—had made himself fully conversant with the legal codes of France and Spain—had mastered the various branches of the useful sciences—had made observations in wild and uninhabited regions, where civilized foot had never before penetrated, which so enlarged and enriched scientific knowledge that his name went over Europe and America, and won for him the plaudits of Humboldt—and had ameliorated the condition, and, in some sort, gratified the longings of a barbarous people, with whom he had no affinities of nation or race, other than the common and universal ties of humanity! He was, indeed, a man to be honored and respected; but not contemned or despised.

In accordance with an old usage of the Senate, Fremont and Gwin drew lots to decide relative to their senatorial terms; the term of one-third of the Senators expiring on each alternate 4th of March. The short term fell to the former, consequently expiring in 1851. Not

having attended the short term of that Congress, his "senatorial service consisted of what remained of the long session, which terminated September 30th—that is, twenty-one days." In that short space of time, however, he evinced a capacity to govern, and a genius for Legislation, of which the most celebrated lawgivers might well be proud. He had hardly taken his seat, ere he submitted a resolution, setting forth the necessity, and describing seventeen post-routes, that embraced the whole territory of California. He gave notice of eighteen bills, including provisions for the recording of land titles in California; for the survey of the public lands of California; for the settlement of private land claims in that State; and to provide for the erection of land-offices there;—a bill to grant donations of land to settlers before the cession of the country to the United States, and preëmption rights to all subsequent settlers; bills to regulate the workings of mines in California—to extend the laws and judicial system of the United States to the State of California—to refund to said State duties collected at San Francisco and other ports, before the custom-house laws were extended to it—to grant that State public lands for purposes of education—to grant six townships for a university—to grant land to aid in constructing public buildings—to grant land for asylums for the deaf and dumb, for the blind and insane—to grant California twelve salt springs—to grant the city of Monterey, the old government-house and its grounds—to provide for opening a road across the continent—to grant land for internal improvement—and to preserve peace among the Indian tribes, by providing for the extinction of their titles to the gold districts. Here was a complete code of laws, providing for the extension of the functions of the general government, over the various departments of the State, with a foresight and comprehension not unworthy of the greatest legislators. Nor were his talents for debate inferior, although generally too diffident or

sensible, to speak either with ostentation or elaboration ; preferring to convey to the Senate what he had to say in brief, plain, and cogent words.

Mr. Fremont, it is well known, is in favor of "the Pacific railroad." It has been the dream of his life to cement and consolidate the union of trade and intercourse between the vast regions of our country which stretch respectively along the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. On the 12th day of September he introduced a bill providing for the building of a road across the Sierra Nevada, on the line of the Rio de los Americanos and Carson's River ; which, he designed, should constitute a common highway for the intercourse of the people of our western territories and California. Like many other excellent bills, this wise provision was defeated ; but the fact that the railroad which is now in process of extension from San Francisco towards the mountains, and which at last will, it is hoped, be continued across the whole continent, more than justifies his sage foresight. It is true that his original scheme was vast ; but be it remembered that his conceptions have been always magnificently grand ; and that this idea, of binding together the two oceans by an overland path of iron, is among the most sublime ever before imagined by man ; and that its results, if once accomplished, would be more conducive and beneficial to the happiness and civilization of the greater moiety of our race, than any other enterprise of modern times. How deeply and sincerely his feelings and convictions are enlisted in favor of his darling scheme, let his own words attest :

"It seems," says he in the *National Intelligencer*, "a treason against mankind and the spirit of progress which marks the age, to refuse to put this one completing link to our national prosperity and the civilization of the world. Europe still lies between Asia and America ; build this railroad, and things will have revolved about ; America will lie between Asia and Europe,—the golden vein which runs through the history of the world, will

follow the iron track to San Francisco, and the Asiatic trade will finally fall into its last and permanent road, when the ancient and the modern Chryse throw open their gates to the thoroughfare of the world."

In presenting his bill "to provide for the settlement of private lands in California," Mr. Fremont introduced it in the following manner :

"The bill conforms to the decisions of the supreme court and to the usual form, with but two exceptions. The first is the provision which makes a decision in favor of the claimant by the commissioners, in the first place, final against the United States. The other provision makes a decision in the district court, in favor of the claimant, also final against the United States. These provisions were introduced for two reasons ; first, to quiet the country, and to contribute to its general prosperity ; but a further reason is, that a decision of their own law officers, their own judges, the arbitrators of the United States, ought to be final against the United States. The people ought not to be kept waiting upon the law, for years perhaps, for an adjudication. I state these reasons, and leave the bill to the Senate, to stand upon its own merits."

The bill failed. The wisdom in which it was conceived, and the clear, brief, and forcible manner in which it was presented, availed nothing. But experience has since fully illustrated how correct the views of Colonel Fremont were. When he appeared, however, as candidate for re-election, his prejudiced and reckless opponents charged him with having introduced this bill with a view to his own personal interest as the purchaser of the Mariposa tract. During the next session of the Senate, in the month of June, 1851, Colonel Fremont being absent, Senator Benton spoke as follows in his behalf :

"But now, and after what has happened, he no longer feels any hesitation on that account ; and, in conformity to his feelings, I now make an exception which will take

his case out of the general provisions of the bill, and subject it to run the gauntlet of all the courts, from the lowest to the highest, and from the shores of the Pacific Ocean to the shores of the Atlantic, and against all the counsel which the substitute bill authorizes to be employed. He is willing to run the gauntlet of all this, according to his letter in relation to the Mariposa estate, which was read yesterday; but he is not willing that other claimants should be so subjected, or that his exertions in their behalf should be weakened by the supposition of an interested motive."

In answer to an inquiry on the subject of his Indian bill, Mr. Fremont said :

"The general policy of Spain, in her Indian relations, was the same as that which was afterwards adopted by all Europe, and recognized by the United States. The Indian right of occupation was respected, but the ultimate dominion remained in the Crown. Wherever the policy of Spain differed from that of the other European nations, it was always in favor of the Indians. Grants of lands were always made subject to their rights of occupancy, reserving to them the right to resume it even in cases where it had been abandoned at the time of the grant. But the Indian right to the lands in property, under the Spanish laws, consisted not merely in possession, but extended even to that of alienation; a right recognized and affirmed in the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. A claim to lands in East Florida, under a title derived from grants by the Creek and Seminole Indians, and ratified by the local authorities of Spain before the cession of Florida to the United States, was confirmed.

"I have here in my hand a volume of Spanish laws published in the city of Mexico in 1849, and purporting to contain all the legislation on this subject which was in force in Mexico up to that date. These laws extend from 1533, some twelve years after the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, to 1817. The policy of Spain in regard to the Indians, differed somewhat from that of the United States, and particularly in this: that, instead

of removing the Indians from amidst the Spanish population, it kept them there, and protected them in the possession of their lands among their civilized neighbors, having always in view the leading object of converting them to the Christian religion. To this end the power of the government was always directed; it was a national object, and, in great part, was a governing principle in the laws of which they were the subject. I will not occupy the time of the Senate by reading at length the several laws, but will merely make a few statements of such particular parts as bear directly upon the rights in question.

“A royal order of Charles V., a supreme law in Spain, of the year 1533, decreed that the woods, pasture lands, and water contained in any grants of signiories, which had been or should be made in the Indies, should be common to Spaniards and Indians. Another royal order of 1687 (confirming and extending an ordinance of the viceroy, Count Saint Stephen, of the year 1567) commanded that in all the villages of Indians throughout all New Spain, who needed land to live upon and sow, there should be given to them a space of five hundred yards, and as much more as they had any need of for cultivation around their village, measuring from the furthest outside house, and if the village happened to be a large one, an unlimited quantity should be allowed, and that thereafter no grant of pasture ground or lands should be given to any one within eleven hundred yards of the most outside house of the population.”

Mr. Fremont has ever been a zealous champion of labor. He it was, who, during his brief senatorial term, introduced a bill, which became a law; and which, in spite of a studied and pertinacious opposition, prevented a tax from being levied upon gold, and secured to the miner the entire product of his labor. The bill came up for “discussion on the 24th of September: a strenuous effort was made to amend it by substituting a provision that all gold extracted from the mines or placers of California, should be and remain the property of the United States, and delivered over accordingly, the miner to receive it

back at a certain rate, which would leave a percentage in the hands of Government. The Senate, convinced by the statements of the California Senator, rejected this amendment." Mr. Fremont proceeded on the 25th of September, to enter, at greater length than was his custom, upon the defence of his views. He introduced his remarks as follows :

"The very advanced period of the session when we obtained our seats, and were able to bring forward the California business, induced me to take a course in relation to our bills which I thought most agreeable to the Senate and best suited to secure for them a favorable consideration. This was not to use the indulgence of the Senate for making speeches, but to confine myself to a brief exposition of the nature and principles of a bill when it should be called up, and then to answer, as well as I could, the inquiries and objections of senators either to principles or details. But I find such a course difficult on this bill, which introduces a new subject, and one which, from its novelty and importance, excites, and ought to excite, much interest, and requires close examination. The principles of this bill, as I have already stated them, are, to exclude all idea of making a national revenue out of these mines, to prevent the possibility of monopolies by moneyed capitalists, and to give to NATURAL CAPITAL, that is to say, to LABOR and INDUSTRY, a fair chance to work, and the secure enjoyment of what they find. To carry out these principles to their just results, all the details of the bill are carefully directed."

After some remarks pointing out the evils that would flow from the adoption of a different system, urged by some senators, he proceeded to explain that provided for in his bill, as follows :

"The quantity allowed to each person is ample, considering the privilege he has of changing his location as often as he pleases, and selling his lot when he is offered a good price. Thirty feet square is to be the size of a lot, to be worked by manual labor, in a placer ; two

hundred and ten feet, or about one acre, is to be the size of a lot in a mine, to be worked by machinery, in the rock.

"A placer lot, accordingly, contains nine hundred superficial feet, with a depth to the centre of the earth. A cube of these dimensions would be twenty-seven thousand solid feet; and if a place of tolerable richness is found, an industrious man may say his fortune is made. Sooner or later every industrious man may expect to find a good lot; and whether he sells it or works it, his reward will be ample.

"If he sells, he may take another permit, and work on until he makes another good discovery, and either sells this or exhausts it; and so on, until he is satisfied, or the mining exhausted. Wherever he may plant his stake, exclusive possession is guaranteed to the miner, so long as he works his mining lot, or to his assignee, if sold, or to his legal representatives, in the event of his death. All that he finds is to be his own—there is no tax to be paid; no per centum—no fifth, or tenth, or twentieth to the government; no officer to stand over the miner and require him to give an account of all he finds, and surrender up a part to the Federal government,—all is his own that he has the industry to collect; and for these multiplied advantages, with the protection of law and the security of order, the citizen pays only one dollar a month for as many months as he may choose, not exceeding twelve, with a preëmptive right to continue his own lot. This nominal sum of one dollar a month is all that the bill proposes for him to pay; and while it will be sufficient to indemnify the government for all expenses, and to yield a respectable sum besides, it will be no burden on the miner; he will not feel it, but will pay it cheerfully in return for the advantages which the permit secures him.

"I am glad to find that the Senate evinces no disposition to create revenue by heavy taxes on the gold mines of our State, and that the liberal principles of this bill, from the votes already taken, are likely to prevail in this Chamber.

"I think that this Government should look for increase of revenues to the EXPANDED COMMERCE which the dis-

covery of these gold mines has created in the Pacific Ocean.

“Oppressive taxes on the precious metals are well suited to a government like that of Spain, which derived one of its chief supports from its mines in New Spain; which used the labor of the people only to create revenue; which demanded from them the first-fruits of the earth, and taxed every thing which it did not monopolize, and every thing in the same proportion—agricultural products as well as mines—a tenth of the whole, and all to support the extravagant expenditures of its arbitrary monarchs. In consequence of these oppressive exactions, ninety-nine were ruined out of a hundred who engaged in gold-mining operations in her dependencies. But we have adopted a wiser course. Reason and experience teach us the folly as well as the injustice of attempting such exactions from the people. We have seen their failure on a small scale in our own lead-mine leasing, and we have before us the result of their operation under the elaborate system and arbitrary power of Spain, which, with all their extravagant taxes, yielded, in those years of which I have any account, and at a flourishing period of the mines, a revenue of only about \$60,000 per annum from the gold-mines of New Spain.

Mexico found out the folly of this course, and, immediately after her independence in 1831, abolished these multiplied taxes, and substituted for them all a simple duty of three per cent. Heavy taxes had almost destroyed this branch of her revenues, and liberal provisions were made to resuscitate it. The quicksilver mines were given to all who would work them, free of all tax and all kind of duty. Rewards of \$25,000 each were decreed to the first four operators who should extract a certain quantity of the metal—the miners were exempted from all personal contributions and all military service—and all to restore what taxation had ruined. We cannot, certainly, go back from what Mexico has done, and take up the abandoned system of old Spain; and I trust that, while we repudiate taxation, we shall also avoid anarchy and disorder, and give to the country some such brief and simple code of regulations, as will secure to every

man the peaceable exercise of his industry, and the possession and enjoyment of what he gains."

During his brief term in the Senate, the amount of labor which he accomplished was extremely wonderful. Many of the bills which he introduced were rejected; but time and events that have transpired since in California, bear irrefutable testimony to the wisdom, justice, and foresight with which they were conceived.

Soon after the close of the session of Congress, Mr. Fremont returned by the Isthmus to California. He was attacked by a severe fever at Panama, which so paralyzed his left side with a neuralgic affection, that he was compelled to keep within his apartments during a long and protracted period. This dreadful affliction prevented him from returning to Washington, and serving out the residue of his term. At the ensuing election, he became candidate for reëlection, and formed the acquaintance of Governor Charles Robinson, then a member of the California legislature. Both, shoulder to shoulder, commenced their struggles against the aggressions of slavery; and both formed a lasting friendship, while battling together, to save the new State from the blighting slime of African bondage! They succeeded: but the encroachment of the slave power soon compelled them to direct their sympathies and attention to poor suffering Kansas. At the election which we have mentioned, Fremont received 140 ballots, every native Californian having voted for him. There was no election, however, the whole subject being postponed to the next legislature.

His attention was next directed to cattle-raising, and his knowledge of this business soon enabled him to add another link to the long chain of services which he had already rendered to his country. An act of Congress was passed in 1850, authorizing the President to appoint commissioners to treat with the Indian tribes of Califor-

nia; then in a condition that oscillated between starvation and revolt. The great influx of gold-diggers in the San Joaquin Valley, compelled the poor savages to fly to the mountains, where they were entirely destitute of every means of subsistence, and subject to hunger and disease. With twenty-one of these tribes, the commissioners entered into treaties; stipulating to furnish them with a sufficient allowance of beef, upon their surrendering the gold regions, to enable them to locate in other lands of less mineral value. Colonel Barbour of Kentucky was one of the commissioners, and by authority from his coadjutors, he entered into a contract *with the lowest bidder*, Colonel Fremont, who, upon his part, engaged to execute it (as he did) with entire satisfaction to all parties. With his usual energetic activity, he proceeded to the southern part of the State, collected a vast number of cattle, hired drivers, and accompanied and superintended the drove himself throughout its march, in the heat of summer. He lost over 400 head of cattle on the route, delivered to the Government 1,225,500 pounds of beef on the hoof, and accepted as payment the drafts drawn by the Commissioners on the Secretary of the Interior. It is notorious that the beef thus furnished was the means of securing peace to the miners, and of saving the nation from the expenses of an Indian war. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the Senate rejected the contract; and the drafts against the Secretary of the Interior were dishonored. Mr. Fremont was compelled to have recourse to a special act of Congress. For more than three years he was kept out of his money. The thirty-third Congress at last discharged this just debt. A bill passed both Houses unanimously, paying him the principal, and a reasonable rate of interest, the whole amounting to about \$240,000.

His difficulties were not all over yet. His undoubted and honestly acquired rights were once more invaded. The "Mariposa purchase," as it was called, was regard-

ed, when first heard of, as a sorry bargain ; indeed, as a wretched speculation. So long as this continued to be the prevalent opinion, Mr. Fremont was left in its undisturbed possession and enjoyment. But it happened to be exceedingly rich in the precious metal ; and no sooner did this fact become generally known, than his enemies, in private life, questioned the legality of his title to it, and, to its great shame be it related, the government followed their example. He had employed an agent in England, authorized with the usual powers ; and he had executed, accordingly, leases to various parties. Finding that his title was disputed, and well knowing the uncertainty of litigation, Mr. Fremont, with that eminent degree of rectitude which has ever marked his life, repaired at once to the Atlantic States ; and from thence, accompanied by his family, proceeded to England, where he arrived in the spring of 1852. The object of this journey was to discontinue the transactions of his agents ; and to save purchasers from the possible embarrassments that might grow out of their disputed titles. But all went well, honesty had her triumph, and the enemies of Fremont were once more defeated and confounded. The Mariposa property is of great value. To meet the various expenses incident to a harassing and tedious litigation, it was necessary to convey one-half of it to another party. It contains seventy square miles, and already includes a population of about 10,000.

While in England, Mr. Fremont was arrested and imprisoned ; the cause and circumstances attendant upon which proceedings may be thus stated : It will be remembered that he was appointed Military Governor of California by Commodore Stockton, soon after the conquest of that State. In the spring of 1847, he had drawn several drafts upon Mr. Buchanan, then Secretary of State, to enable him to obtain supplies for his troops. But Congress made no appropriations to meet these demands, and they were, consequently, dishonored at Wash-

ington. It was at the instance of the holders of some of these drafts, that Mr. Fremont, while handing his lady into a carriage, in front of the Clarendon Hotel, was arrested by a solicitor's clerk and four brutal London constables. He was engaged to dine that day with Mr. Sturgis, and was, when arrested, departing for the residence of that gentleman. His good lady, with characteristic promptitude and presence of mind, dispatched a message to Mr. Sturgis, explaining the cause of their absence, and then drove directly to the house of the American Minister in London, the Hon. Abbott Lawrence. But Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Bates, and Mr. Bancroft Davis, were also invited to Mr. Sturgis's party; and the former happened to be, consequently, absent, when Mrs. Fremont arrived at his residence. Mr. Davis was Secretary of Legation, and upon hearing of this affair, he immediately visited Mr. Fremont. Next day Mr. George Peabody procured the release of the saviour of California!

During Mr. Fremont's sojourn in Europe, however, he was received, wherever he went, with the most marked respect, deference, and distinction, by the most eminent scholars, scientificists, and statesmen, of the old world. He was elected honorary member of many of the oldest and most learned societies known to modern civilization.

Immediately upon his return, in August, 1853, he started on his fifth and last expedition, determined upon the problematic probability of a trans-continental railroad between the two Oceans. Col. Benton shared in the expense of this expedition; and it is to it that the veteran statesman alludes, in the concluding sentence of his chapter relative to the fourth expedition.

Months elapsed, but no intelligence was received from the great explorer. The public anxiety relative to his fate was serious. Rumors were circulated that he had at length fallen a victim to his temerity. It was not

until April, 1854, that those sad forebodings and apprehensions were dispelled. Colonel Babbitt, Secretary of Utah Territory, met Mr. Fremont on the 8th of February, and upon his arrival in California, published in the public journals, an account of his interview with him. *The National Intelligencer* of April, 1854, contained the following remarks and communication which effectually quieted all apprehensions :

“It gives us great pleasure to insert the subjoined letter from Colonel Fremont, not only because it contradicts the exaggerated reports of deaths sustained by his party, and assures us of the intrepid explorer’s own safety, after his two months’ bold journey through the mountain wilds in mid-winter, but because his success seems fully to have established the favorable nature of the central route for a railroad in winter as well as summer :

“‘PARAWAN, IRON CO., UTAH TERRITORY, *Feb. 9, 1854.*

“‘MY DEAR SIR: I have had the good fortune to meet here our friend Mr. Babbitt, the Secretary of the Territory, who is on his way to Washington, in charge of the mail and other very interesting dispatches, the importance of which is urging him forward with extreme rapidity. He passes directly on this morning, and I have barely a few moments to give you intelligence of our safe arrival, and of our general good health and reasonable success in the object of our expedition.

“‘This winter has happened to be one of extreme and unusual cold. Here, the citizens inform me, it has been altogether the severest since the settlement of this valley ; consequently, so far as the snows are concerned, the main condition of our exploration has been fulfilled. We entered the mountain regions on the Huerfano River on the 3d of December, and issued from it here on the 7th of this month, arriving here yesterday afternoon. We went through the Coochatope Pass on the 14th of December, with four inches,—not feet take notice, but inches—of snow on the level, among the pines and in the shade on the summit of the Pass. This decides what you consider the great question, and fulfils the leading condition of

my explorations ; and therefore I go no further into details in this letter.

“ I congratulate you on this verification of your judgment, and the good prospect it holds out of final success in carrying the road by this central line. Nature has been bountiful to this region in accumulating here, within a few miles of where I am writing, vast deposits of iron and coal and timber, all of the most excellent quality ; and a great and powerful interior State will spring up immediately in the steps of the Congressional action which should decide to carry the road through this region. In making my expedition to this point, I save nearly a parallel of latitude, shortening the usual distance from Green River to this point by over a hundred miles. In crossing to the Sierra Nevada, I shall go direct by an unexplored route, aiming to strike directly the Tejon Passes, at the head of the San Joaquin valley, through which, in 1850, I drove from two to three thousand head of cattle that I delivered to the Indian Commissioners. I shall make what speed I possibly can, going light, and abandoning the more elaborated survey of my previous line, to gain speed.

“ Until within about a hundred miles of this place, we had daguerretyped the country over which we passed, but were forced to abandon all our heavy baggage to save the men, and I shall not stop to send back for it. The Delawares all came in sound, but the whites of my party were all exhausted and broken up, and more or less frost bitten. I lost one, Mr. Fuller, of St. Louis, Missouri, who died on entering this valley. He died like a man, on horseback, in his saddle, and will be buried like a soldier on the spot where he fell.

“ I hope soon to see you in Washington. Mr. Babbitt expects to see you before the end of March. Among other documents which he carries with him are *the Maps and Report of Captain Gunnison's party*.

“ Sincerely and affectionately,

“ JOHN C. FREMONT.

“ Col. BENTON, Washington.

“ P. S. This is the Little Salt Lake settlement, and was commenced three years since. Population now four

hundred, and one death by sickness since the settlement was made. We have been most hospitably received. Mr. Babbitt has been particularly kind, and has rendered me very valuable assistance.”

When he returned from his long and perilous exploration in 1854, the manifestations of public joy throughout the United States were certainly very great. The leading journals of the Union contained elaborate articles in his praise, and explanatory of the services which he had rendered to his country. From such sources it is unnecessary to cull any extracts here, since our space is limited; and the events made public then, relative to the great and dreadful hardships of “The Fifth Expedition,” are yet fresh in the memory of all.

From this time up to the Kansas depredations, the life of Mr. Fremont presents no features in the relation of which the public would take an interest; but the strong faith which experience and observation taught him to place in free labor, revolted at the idea of extending the crime of slavery upon American soil. On the 17th of last March, he addressed a letter to Governor Robinson, from which we make the following extract:

“I had been waiting to see what shape the Kansas question would take in Congress, that I might be enabled to give you some views in relation to the probable result. Nothing yet has been accomplished; but I am satisfied that in the end Congress will take efficient measures to lay before the American people the exact truth concerning your affairs. Neither you nor I can have any doubt what verdict the people will pronounce, upon a truthful exposition. It is to be feared, from the proclamation of the President, that he intends to recognize the usurpation in Kansas as the legitimate government, and that its sedition law, the test oath, and the means to be taken to expel its people as aliens, will all directly or indirectly be supported by the army of the United States. Your position will undoubtedly be difficult, but you know I have great confidence in your firmness and prudence. When the critical moment arrives, you must act for your-

self—no man can give you counsel. A true man will always find his best counsel in that inspiration which a good cause never fails to give him at the instant of trial. All history teaches us that great results are ruled by a wise Providence, and we are but units in the great plan. Your action will be determined by events as they present themselves, and at this distance I can only say that I sympathize cordially with you; and that as you stood by me firmly and generously when we were defeated by the 'Nullifiers in California, I have every disposition to stand by you in the same way in your battle with them in Kansas."

Such is the man, nominated on the 18th day of June, at Philadelphia, by the National Republican Convention, for President of the United States. We here insert, as adopted by that Convention,

#### THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

*Resolved*, That the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence and embodied in the Federal Constitution is essential to the preservation of our Republican institutions; and that the Federal Constitution, the rights of the States, and the Union of the States, shall be preserved.

*Resolved*, That with our Republican fathers we hold it to be a self-evident truth that all men are endowed with the inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and that the primary object and ulterior design of our Federal Government were to secure these rights to all persons under its exclusive jurisdiction—that as our Republican fathers, when they had abolished Slavery in all our National Territory, ordained that no person should be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, it becomes our duty to maintain this provision of the Constitution against all attempts to violate it for the purpose of establishing Slavery in the Territories of the United States by positive legislation, prohibiting its existence or extension therein. That we deny the authority of Congress, of a Territorial Legislature, of any individual, or association of individuals, to give legal existence to Slavery in any Territory of the United States, while the present Constitution shall be maintained. That the Constitution confers upon Congress sovereign power over the Territories of the United States for their government, and that in the exercise of this power it is both the right and the imperative duty of Congress to prohibit in the Territory those twin relics of barbarism—Polygamy and Slavery.

*Resolved*, That while the Constitution of the United States was ordained and established in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty, and contains ample provisions for the protection of the life, liberty, and

property of every citizen, the dearest constitutional rights of the people of Kansas have been fraudulently and violently taken from them—their Territory has been invaded by an armed force—spurious and pretended legislative, judicial, and executive officers have been set over them, by whose usurped authority, sustained by the military power of the Government, tyrannical and unconstitutional laws have been enacted and enforced—the rights of the people to keep and bear arms have been infringed—test oaths of an extraordinary and entangling nature have been imposed, as a condition of exercising the right of suffrage and holding office—the right of an accused person to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury has been denied—the right of the people to be secure in their houses, papers, and effects against unreasonable search and seizure has been violated—they have been deprived of life, liberty, and property without process of law—that the freedom of speech and of the press has been abridged—the right to choose their representatives has been made of no effect—murders, robberies, and arsons have been instigated or encouraged, and the offenders have been allowed to go unpunished; that all these things have been done with the knowledge, sanction, and procurement of the present National Administration, and that for this high crime against the Constitution, the Union, and Humanity, we arraign that Administration, the President, his advisers, agents, supporters, apologists, and accomplices,—either before or after the fact—before the country and before the world; and that it is our fixed purpose to bring the actual perpetrators of these atrocious outrages, and their accomplices, to a sure and sudden punishment hereafter.

*Resolved*, That Kansas should be immediately admitted as a State of the Union with her present free Constitution, as at once the most effectual way of securing to her citizens the enjoyment of the rights and privileges to which they are entitled, and of ending the civil strife now raging in her Territory.

*Resolved*, That the highwayman's plea, that "might makes right," embodied in the Ostend Circular, was in every respect unworthy of American Diplomacy, and would bring shame and dishonor upon any Government or people that gave it their sanction.

*Resolved*, That a railroad to the Pacific Ocean, by the most central and practicable route, is imperatively demanded by the interests of the whole country, and that the Federal Government ought to render immediate and efficient aid in its construction, and as an auxiliary thereto the immediate construction of an emigrant route on the line of the railroad.

*Resolved*, That appropriations by Congress for the improvement of Rivers and Harbors, and of a National character, required for the accommodation and security of an existing commerce, are authorized by the Constitution, and justified by the obligation of Government, to protect the lives and property of its citizens.

*Resolved*, That we invite the affiliation and co-operation of the men of all parties, however differing from us in other respects, in support of the principles herein declared; and believing that the spirit of our institutions, as well as the Constitution of our country, guarantees liberty of conscience and equality of rights among citizens, we oppose all proscriptive legislation affecting their security.

The following letter was then addressed to Colonel Fremont, by the Committee of the Republican Conven-

tion, apprising him of his nomination as candidate for President :

“PHILADELPHIA, June 19, 1856.

“SIR: A Convention of Delegates, assembled at Philadelphia on 17th, 18th, and 19th days of June, 1856, under a call addressed to the people of the United States, without regard to past political differences or divisions, who are opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, to the policy of the present Administration, to the extension of Slavery into Free Territory, in favor of the admission of Kansas as a Free State, and of restoring the action of the Federal Government to the principles of Washington and Jefferson, adopted a declaration of principles and purposes for which they are united in political action—a copy of which we have the honor to inclose—and unanimously nominated you as their candidate for the office of President of the United States at the approaching election, as the chosen representative of those principles in this important political contest, and with the assured conviction that you would give them full practical operation, should the suffrages of the people of the Union place you at the head of the National Government.

“The undersigned were directed by the Convention to communicate to you the fact of your nomination, and to request you in their name, and, as they believe, in the name of a large majority of the people of the country, to accept it.

“Offering you the assurance of our high personal respect, we are, your fellow-citizens,

“H. S. LANE,

“President of the Convention.

“JAMES M. ASHLEY.

“ANTHONY J. BLEECKER.

“JOSEPH C. HORNBLOWER.

“E. R. HOAR.

“THADDEUS STEVENS.

“KINSLEY S. BINGHAM.

“JOHN A. WILLS.

“C. F. CLEVELAND.

“CYRUS ALDRICH.

“To JOHN C. FREMONT, of California.”

To this letter, Mr. Fremont returned the subjoined reply :

“NEW YORK, July 8, 1856.

“GENTLEMEN: You call me to a high responsibility by placing me in the van of a great movement of the People of the United States, who, without regard to past differences, are uniting in a common effort to bring back the action of the Federal Government to the principles of Washington and Jefferson. Comprehending the magnitude of the trust which they have declared themselves willing to place in my hands, and deeply sensible of the honor which their unreserved confidence, in this threatening position of the public affairs, implies, I feel that I cannot better respond than by a sincere declaration that, in the event of my election to the Presidency, I should enter upon the execution of its duties with a single-hearted determination to promote the good of the

whole country, and to direct solely to this end all the power of the Government, irrespective of party issues and regardless of sectional strifes. The declaration of principles embodied in the resolves of your Convention expresses the sentiments in which I have been educated, and which have been ripened into convictions by personal observation and experience. With this declaration and avowal, I think it necessary to revert to only two of the subjects embraced in those resolutions, and to these only because events have surrounded them with grave and critical circumstances, and given to them especial importance.

"I concur in the views of the Convention deprecating the Foreign policy to which it adverts. The assumption that we have the right to take from another nation its domains because we want them, is an abandonment of the honest character which our country has acquired. To provoke hostilities by unjust assumptions, would be to sacrifice the peace and character of the country, when all its interests might be more certainly secured and its objects attained by just and healing counsels involving no loss of reputation. International embarrassments are mainly the results of a secret diplomacy, which aims to keep from the knowledge of the People the operations of the Government. This system is inconsistent with the character of our institutions, and is itself yielding gradually to a more enlightened public opinion, and to the power of a free press, which, by its broad dissemination of political intelligence, secures in advance to the side of justice the judgment of the civilized world. An honest, firm, and open policy in our foreign relations, would command the united support of the nation, whose deliberate opinions it would necessarily reflect.

"Nothing is clearer in the history of our institutions than the design of the nation, in asserting its own independence and freedom, to avoid giving countenance to the Extension of Slavery. The influence of the small but compact and powerful class of men interested in Slavery, who command one section of the country and wield a vast political control as a consequence in the other, is now directed to turn back this impulse of the Revolution and reverse its principles. The Extension of Slavery across the Continent is the object of the power which now rules the Government; and from this spirit has sprung those kindred wrongs in Kansas so truly portrayed in one of your resolutions, which prove that the elements of the most arbitrary governments have not been vanquished by the just theory of our own.

"It would be out of place here to pledge myself to any particular policy that has been suggested to terminate the sectional controversy engendered by political animosities, operating on a powerful class banded together by a common interest. A practical remedy is the admission of Kansas into the Union as a Free State. The South should, in my judgment, earnestly desire such consummation. It would vindicate its good faith. It would correct the mistake of the repeal; and the North, having practically the benefit of the agreement between the two sections, would be satisfied and good feeling be restored. The measure is perfectly consistent with the honor of the South and vital to its interests. That fatal act which gave birth to this purely sectional strife, originating in the scheme to take from Free Labor the country secured to it by a solemn covenant, cannot be too soon disarmed of its pernicious force. The only genial region of the middle latitudes left to the emigrants of the Northern States for homes cannot be conquered from the Free Laborers who have long considered it as set apart for them in our

inheritance, without provoking a desperate struggle. Whatever may be the persistence of the particular class which seems ready to hazard every thing for the success of the unjust scheme it has partially effected, I firmly believe that the great heart of the nation, which throbs with the patriotism of the Freemen of both sections will have power to overcome it. They will look to the rights secured to them by the Constitution of the Union as the best safeguard from the oppression of the class which, by a monopoly of the Soil and of Slave Labor to till it, might in time reduce them to the extremity of laboring upon the same terms with the slaves. The great body of Non-Slaveholding Freemen, including those of the South, upon whose welfare Slavery is an oppression, will discover that the power of the General Government over the Public Lands may be beneficially exerted to advance their interests and secure their independence: knowing this, their suffrages will not be wanting to maintain that authority in the Union which is absolutely essential to the maintenance of their own liberties, and which has more than once indicated the purpose of disposing of the Public Lands in such a way as would make every settler upon them a freeholder.

"If the People intrust to me the administration of the Government, the laws of Congress in relation to the Territories shall be faithfully executed. All its authority shall be exerted in aid of the National will to reestablish the peace of the country on the just principles which have heretofore received the sanction of the Federal Government, of the States, and of the People of both sections. Such a policy would leave no aliment to that sectional party which seeks its aggrandizement by appropriating the new Territories to capital in the form of Slavery, but would inevitably result in the triumph of Free Labor—the natural capital which constitutes the real wealth of this great country, and creates that intelligent power in the masses alone to be relied on as the bulwark of free institutions.

"Trusting that I have a heart capable of comprehending our whole country, with its varied interests, and confident that patriotism exists in all parts of the Union, I accept the nomination of your Convention, in the hope that I may be enabled to serve usefully its cause, which I consider the cause of Constitutional Freedom.

"Very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"J. C. FREMONT.

"To Messrs. H. S. LANE, (President,) JAMES C. ASHLEY, ANTHONY J. BLEECKER, JOSEPH C. HORNBLOWER, E. R. HOAR, THADDEUS STEVENS, KINSLEY S. BINGHAM, JOHN A. WILLS, C. F. CLEVELAND, CYRUS ALDRICH, Committee, &c."

We have now completed our task. We have set forth a brief sketch of "The Life, Explorations, Adventures, and Public Services of John Charles Fremont," Republican Nominee for the Presidency—the hope, and chosen representative of the FREEMEN of the most gigantic, mighty, and prosperous Republic, that the world has ever seen. We have, also, laid before the reader the

platform of political principles upon which rest the grand ethics of the Republican party. And we have given Colonel Fremont's letter, cordially accepting the nomination of this party, declaring his approval of, and adherence to, the line of policy indicated in its platform, and pledging himself to its support.

A few additional lines will now bring us to a close.

The life of Colonel Fremont presents an example singularly worthy of emulation. He is not yet forty-four years of age; but there is no other man in either hemisphere, at once so youthful in days and old in experience as he is. His career has been crowned with more brilliant successes, and greater and more lasting public services, than that of any other living man born within the present century. His schemes have been always vast, generous, and perilous; and the success with which he accomplished those grand designs, originated by himself, romantically marvellous. The affability of his manner, and the generosity of his nature, were ever certain to win for him the love and esteem of all with whom he came in contact, whether savage or civilized; and his wisdom, self-denial, and firmness, never failed to wring obedience from obstinacy. Indeed, it would seem that such a man was designed by Nature to be the saviour and regenerator of a great nation!

With regard to the political ethics which he now stands pledged to support, they require neither eulogy nor illustration from us. Constitutional to the letter, they are more ancient than the oldest written laws, were coeval with history, and are to-day universal as civilization. They had their primal roots in the intuitive sense which God first planted in the mind of man, whereby he enabled him to distinguish *RIGHT* from *wrong*.

# A BOOK THAT WILL MAKE ITS MARK!

The undersigned have the satisfaction of announcing to the Public and the Trade that they have just published an original work of fiction of unusual interest and merit, by an American author, entitled,

## ASPENWOLD.

The claims of this work to a high place in the front rank of our national literature will be admitted by every reader whose critical abilities enable him to appreciate authorial excellence.

It is written in the form of an autobiography, like the works of MARRYATT, and will favorably compare with the best of that popular writer's productions.

It is free from the hackneyed incidents which comprise the principal stock in trade of most of our modern novelists, and is emphatically

### **A FRESH BOOK**

in the ripest sense of that much-abused term.

For its strength and naturalness of description, the reader will be reminded of COOPER; in the flowing style of its narrative, of MARRYAT; in the earnestness of its thought and diction, of CURRER BELL; and in the completeness of its characters, of CHARLES DICKENS.

The power and originality of the work will ensure it a wide sale, and secure a popularity for its author enjoyed by few.

Embellished with a beautiful Frontispiece.

408 Pages, 12mo, Cloth, Price \$1 25.

LIVERMORE & RUDD, *Publishers*,  
310 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

**A Work of Unusual Interest and Merit!**

---

TO BE PUBLISHED EARLY IN SEPTEMBER,

**THE PAWNBROKER.**

OR,

**THE WAGES OF AVARICE.**

*12mo, Cloth. Price \$1 25.*

---

The Publishers believe that "The Pawnbroker" is not inferior, either in power or interest, to any other work of Fiction that has been yet issued from the American Press; while the local interest it possesses, in consequence of its truthful delineation of New York life, forms one of its many attractive features. It is the production of an American lady, who is endowed with a fine culture, a refined and polished idea of the requirements of Virtue and Civilized Life; together with a clear insight of the human heart, whether bowed down by its own dark depravity, or consoled and elevated by the noble instincts of honor and truthfulness. But this is not all; our authoress is an Artist, and her book will do credit to Modern American Literature.

Her Hero and Heroine are taken from the humblest walks of life; but our interest becomes almost at once, unconsciously enlisted in their welfare, and with intense excitement, pain, and hope, the thread of the narrative which depicts their chequered, trying and varied career, is perused. This effect is produced, without bombast or enervating sentimentality; simply because a story founded upon fact is narrated with becoming dignity, modesty and consummate Literary Art. The characters introduced throughout the work are numerous; but each possesses a peculiar, marked, and distinct individuality.

A writer in the *Boston Literary Bulletin* says of it:

"I have read the MS. of "The Pawnbroker." Its principal scenes are laid in New York, shifting occasionally to New Orleans. It is written with great force, pathos, and ingenuity; and I have no hesitation in prophesying that it will be ranked with "The Lamplighter" and "The Wide, Wide World." Throughout the work a moral lesson is pointed; and although prolific in pictures of the most exciting nature, probability is never outraged by the introduction of mysterious impossibilities. It cannot fail of meeting with a large sale, and enviable popularity."

**LIVERMORE & RUDD, PUBLISHERS,**

**310 BROADWAY, N. Y.**

W. H. Tinson, Stereotyper, 21 Beekman Street.

**LIVERMORE & RUDD,**  
**PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS,**  
**NEW YORK,**

HAVING removed to their Large and Commodious Store,

**310 BROADWAY,**

Would announce to the Trade and Public, that they are prepared to supply at Publishers' Lowest Rates, all the Issues of the day, including STANDARD, MEDICAL, AND THEOLOGICAL WORKS; and having special arrangements with the following Houses:—

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & CO,	Boston.
TICKNOR & FIELDS,	"
LITTLE BROWN & CO.,	"
CROSBY, NICHOLS & CO.,	"
BLANCHARD & LEA,	Philadelphia.
PARRY & McMILLAN,	"
LINDSAY & BLAKISTONE,	"
T. B. PETERSON,	"
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,	"
H. C. BAIRD,	"

Keep constantly on hand all their Publications, and supply in quantities at their Rates.

---

**BOOK AGENTS WANTED.**

500 FOR EACH STATE IN THE UNION.

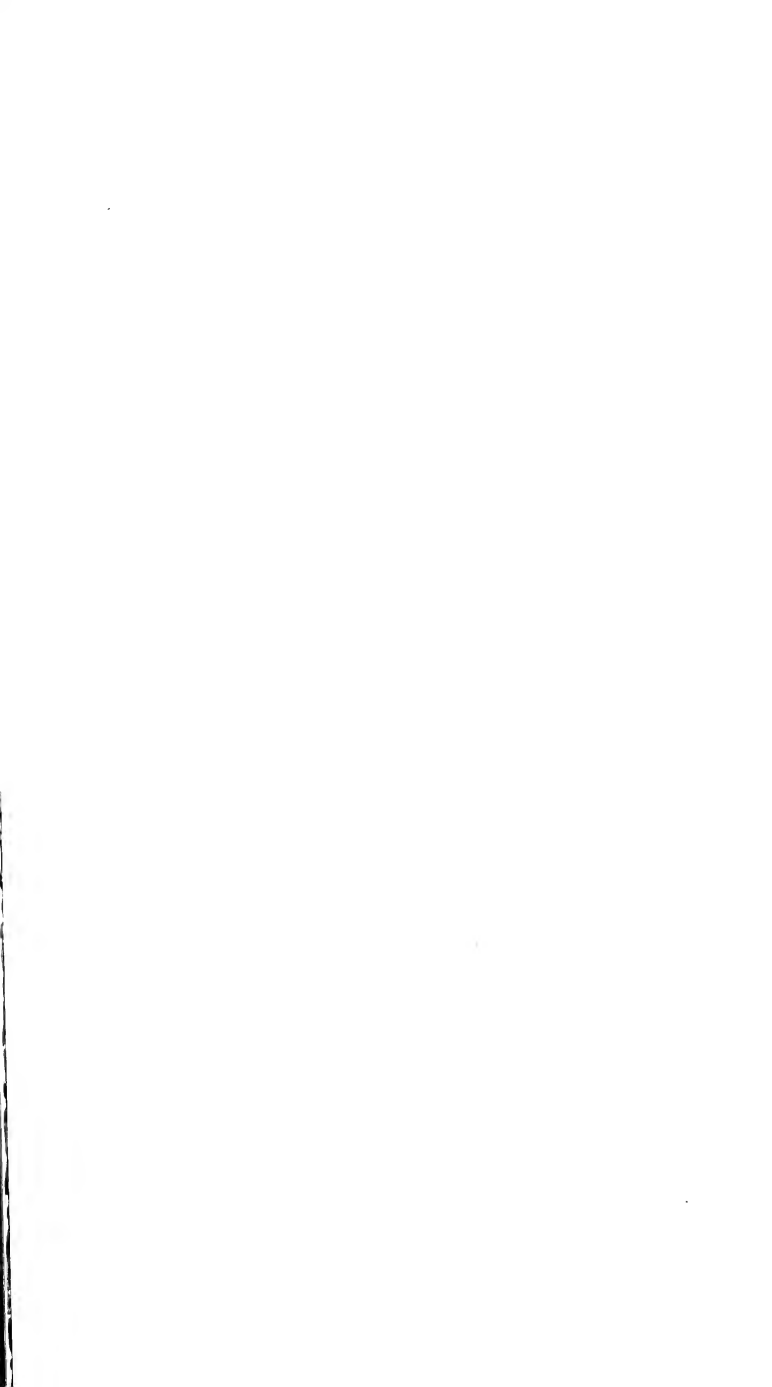
EFFICIENT AGENTS CAN MAKE FROM \$4 TO \$10 PER DAY.

Copies of any Publication sent by Mail to any part of the Union (post-paid) on receipt of the price.

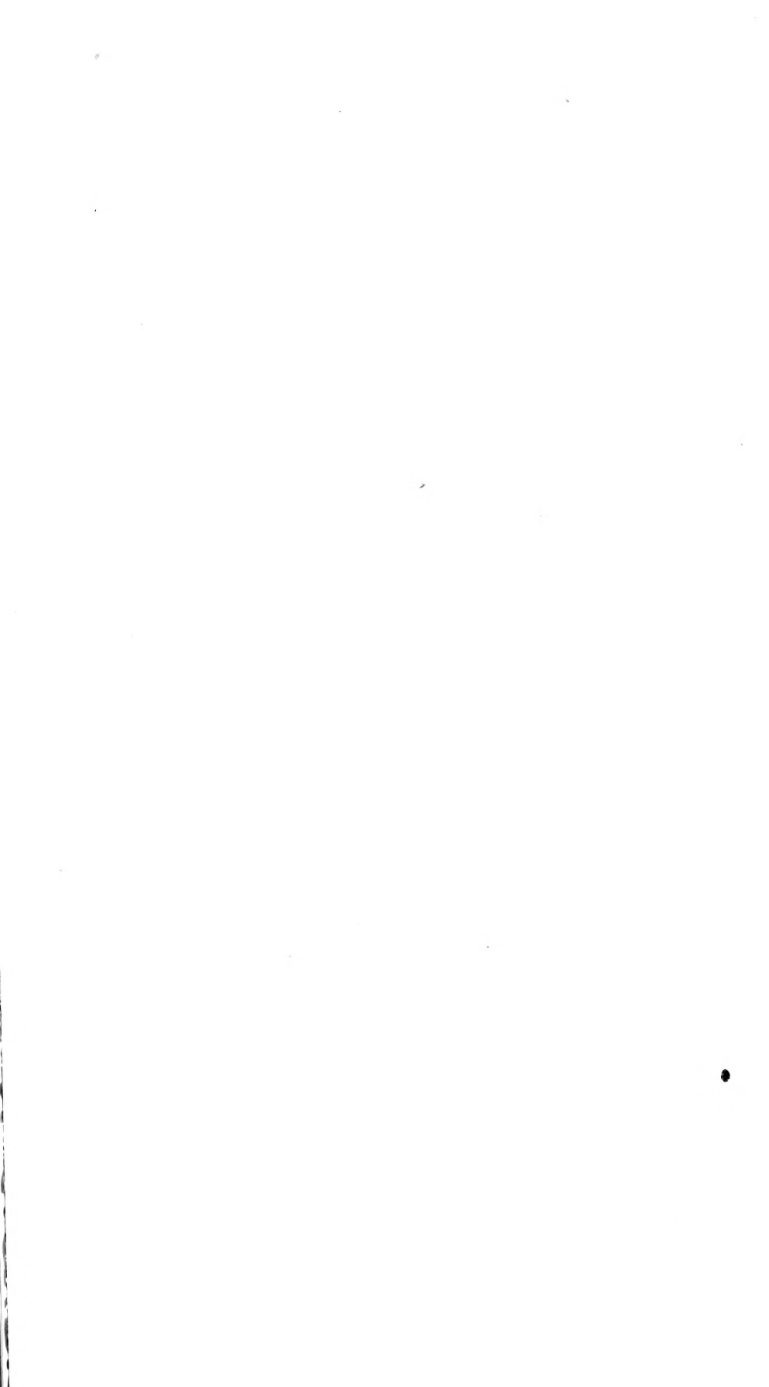
**LIVERMORE & RUDD, PUBLISHERS,**

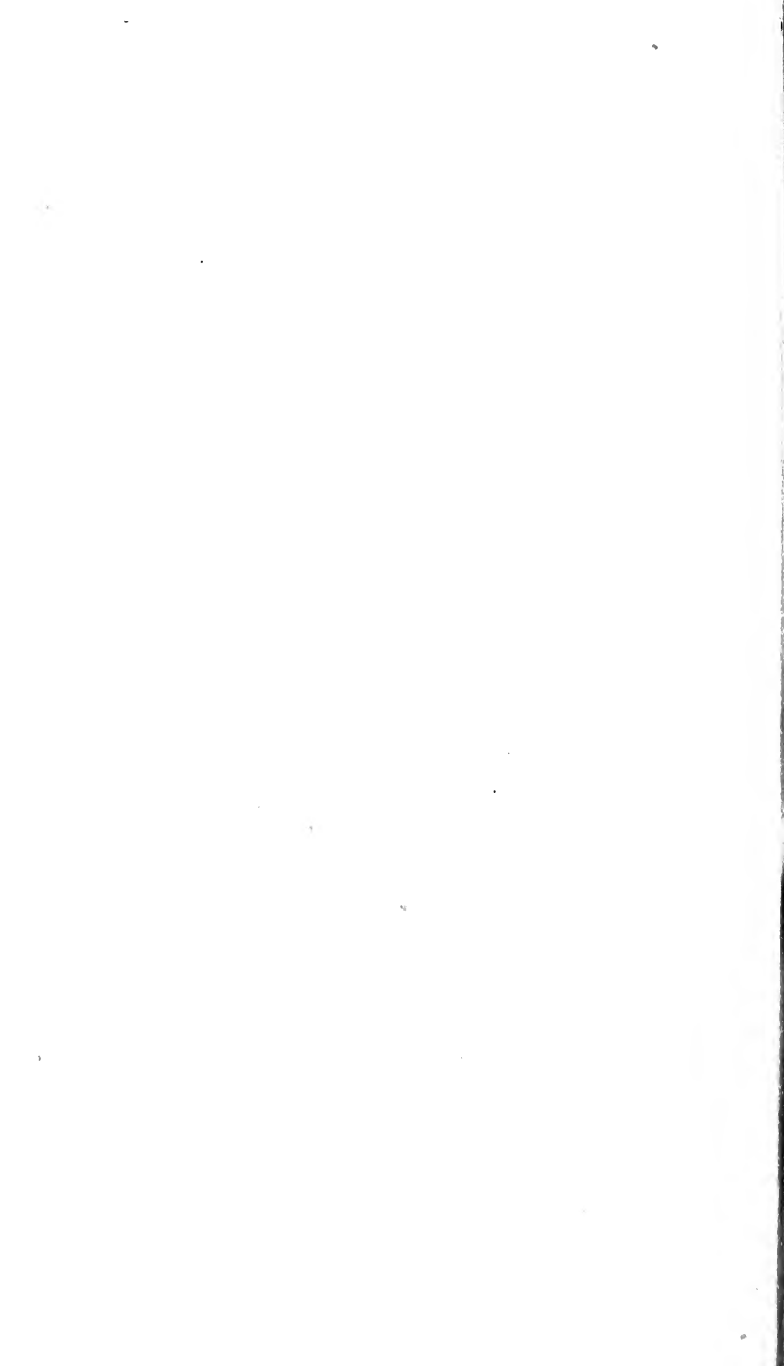
**310 BROADWAY, N. Y.**

W. H. Tinson, Stereotyper, 24 Beekman Street.

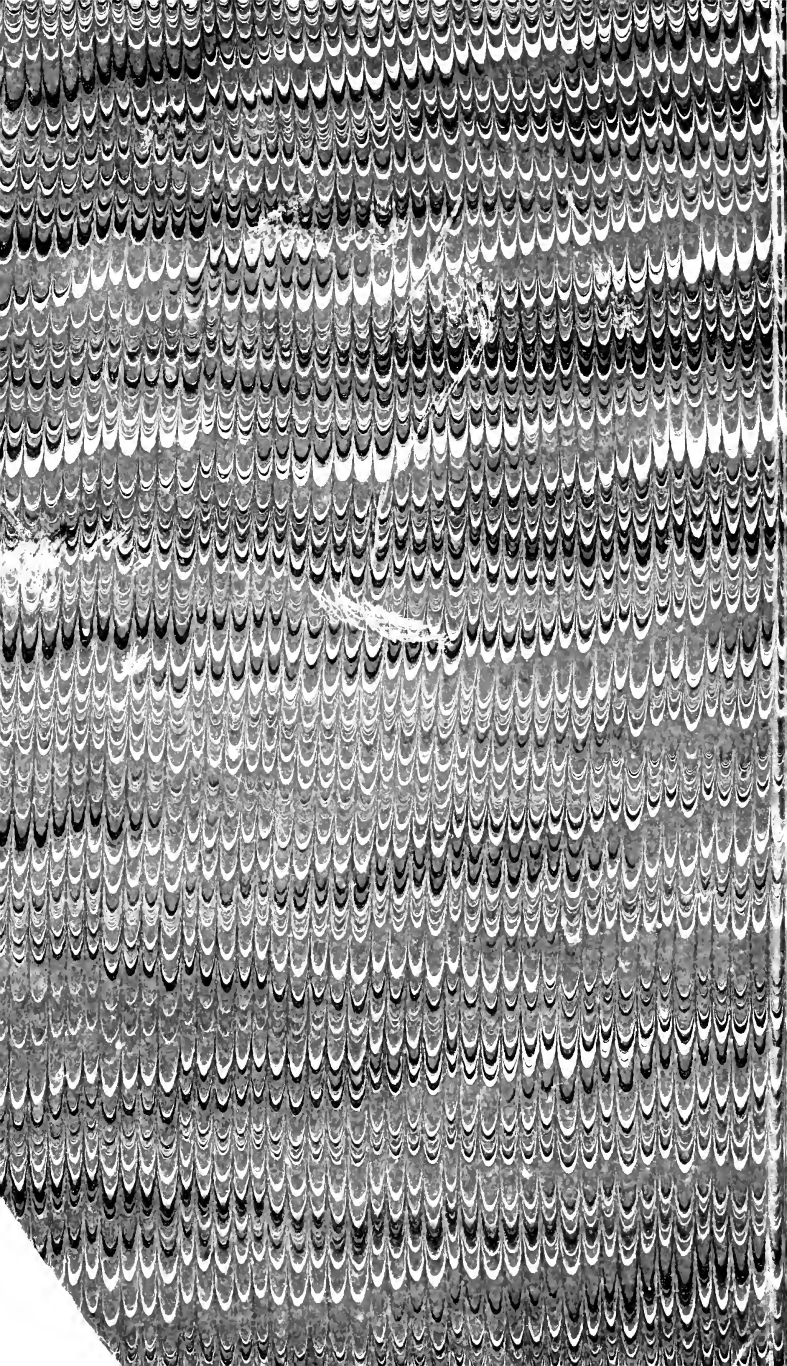














LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 011 897 430 A